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DECEMBER 28, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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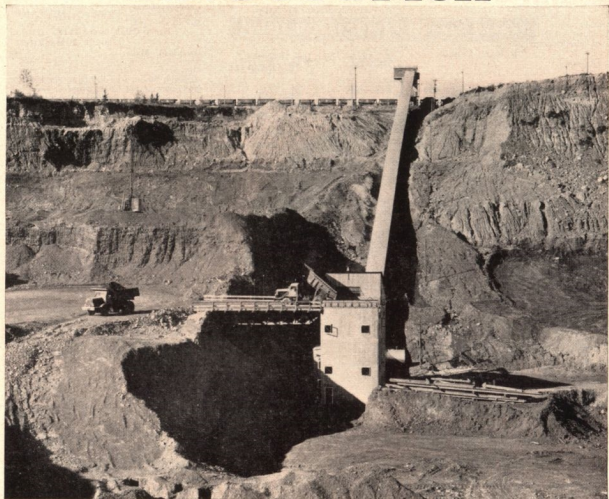
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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:
Didn't one or two sentences in President Eisenhower's U.N. address make him, finally, a last-minute candidate? . . .

RONALD PERRON

Lowell, Mass.

Sir:
Major General William F. Dean by a long shot.

LAWRENCE RYAN

Oshawa, Ont.

Sir:
Konrad Adenauer . . . It is recognized that West Germany is the key to the economic and political future of Western Europe, and that now includes the U.S. . . . West Germany could have been a powder keg to produce chaos . . . and the freedom-loving people of the world owe Adenauer a great deal. My God! What if another rabble-rouser had come to the top?

ARTHUR H. HASCHKE

Watertown, S. Dak.

Sir:
Let's turn our eyes outside Europe and America for once. There are other continents . . . containing great leaders . . . I nominate William Vacantarat Shradrach Tubman, 18th President of Liberia . . . For ten years he has worked quietly to build his country and give it spiritual and moral leadership . . .

HENRY B. COLE

Accra, Gold Coast, B.W.A.

Sir:
... Who gives a damn?

J. M. MACKENZIE

Hampton, N.J.

Sir:
Japan's Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida? . . . He has been heading the Japanese government for more than five years, longer than any other Japanese Prime Minister . . .

HANS E. PRINGSHEIM

Tokyo

Sir:
... Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay . . .

JOHN BERTRAM

St. Louis

Sir:
... Positively Senator McCarthy.
K. B. BROWN

New York City

Sir:
... Anyone but Joe McCarthy.
J. D. COFFEE

Sunflower, Kans.

SIR:
... MAY WE SUGGEST JOSE FERRER?—ACTOR,
AUTHOR, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, PAINTER . . .
AND A HELLUVA GUY.

NEWBOLD MORRIS
JEAN DALRYMPLE
JOSEPH KRAMM
PHILIP HUSTON

NEW YORK CITY

Sir:
Harry Dexter White, the most controversial corpse of the year.

BETTY GARRETT VOGEL

Shreveport, La.

Sir:
... Thomas E. Dewey, a political statesman . . . who has rare courage . . .
B. BLADEN

Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir:
... Why not Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi? . . .

A. RADUNZ

Versois, Switzerland

Sir:
... Adlai Stevenson . . .
A. DAHLBERG

Miami

Sir:
... The greatest Senator of all time, Robert A. Taft.

ROBERT EMMETT BURNS

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:
... The Unknown Soldier . . .
ROBERT E. LOWY

Chicago

Sir:
... Pope Pius XII . . .
PAUL HARRIS

Ottawa, Ont.

Sir:
... I nominate the Notre Dame football team as the No. 1 Stinker of the Year.

R. E. WILLIAMS

Lubbock, Texas

Sir:
... Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. . . .
GEORGE A. HASKINS

Greenfield, Mass.

Sir:
Joseph Stalin, who by dying provided the No. 1 news event of the year.

FERGUS HORSBURGH

Montreal

Sir:
Who else but the American schoolteacher?

HAROLD V. SEMLING JR.

Dover, Del.

Sir:
... Someone who, year after year, has contributed to the spiritual uplift of a chaotic modern world and who, at 86, still goes on doing it—Arturo Toscanini.

JOE DERBYSHIRE

Salt Lake City

Sir:
... Casey—Stengel, that is . . .
R. M. HOISINGTON

Duncan, Okla.

Sir:
Sir Winston Churchill, in whose honor I venture to quote the words of Hamlet: "He [is] a man, take him for all in all. I shall never look upon his like again."

PETER HENRIK HANSEN

Copenhagen

Sir:
Your choice . . . has us sitting on the edges of our chairs. On the one hand, Joe McCarthy does not quite measure up to the high standard that you have set. On the other . . . McCarthyism has this year become the world's top anti-American issue . . . at home, our idea of a perfect Roman holiday is to sit before a TV set and watch a McCarthy victim squirm behind the Fifth Amendment. In that field, he is definitely our Man of the Year . . . At idealistic levels, there is, of course, Dr. Kinscy. He has captured the imaginations, and conversations, of our bridge-playing housewives. Whom will you choose? That we await with a deal of interest.

FRANK BRYAN

Groesbeck, Texas

¶ See TIME, Jan. 4.—Ed.

Death of a Playwright

Sir:
I should like to express the esthetic pleasure I got from your perceptive appraisal of Eugene O'Neill [TIME, Dec. 7] . . .

HELEN T. GREANY

Jersey City

Sir:
... I pity the hack who in the guise of an obituary has tried to cut down Eugene O'Neill to the size of the obit-writer. It is bad enough for the witless and mean-spirited to judge their living betters; when they cut coffins for the gifted dead to the shape and size of their own malformed souls it is unforgivable.

DUDLEY NICHOLS

Los Angeles

Sir:
... The article . . . was written with organ-toned whimsy . . . I resent . . . being told that Anna Christie is one of Eugene O'Neill's "worst" plays, and I resent being

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told that O'Neill ranks just below Shaw and O'Casey as a 20th century dramatist . . . I am not privy to your sources . . . but I am of the opinion that neither you nor anyone else is in a position just yet to say which of Eugene O'Neill's plays are the "worst" . . .

GLEN HALEY

Burbank, Calif.

Sir:

Your article . . . struck me as the most interesting factual biography I have ever read in any magazine. Little did I realize the torment he went through in regard to his family troubles both as a youth and a father. All in all, this fine article left me with nothing wanting, much like some of the immortal O'Neill's writings.

FOSTER L. SPENCER

Ellington Air Force Base, Texas

Who's a Sissy?

Sir:

As a young man whose future lies in the South, I could not help wincing at the words of Georgia's Roy V. Harris re the university newspaper's editorial on segregation [TIME, Dec. 7] . . . Indeed, the regent leaves you wondering just who the "little handful of sissy, misguided squirts" are. Many men, lacking the moral courage of facing fact squarely, are misguiding themselves and others through a slanted interpretation of the words that all men are the equal creation of God . . .

WILLIAM A. WHITE JR.

Ft. Benning, Ga.

Sir:

The picture of and the article about Regent Roy V. Harris of the University of Georgia reminds me of the little poem by Fred Allen:

*If a boy is big and his brain is small,
He can always go to college and play
football.*

CLARENCE W. PEARSON

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Sir:

Harris' outburst . . . places him in a class with Bilbo and Rankin, names the South nor any section can be proud of . . .

DURHAM S. TAYLOR

Chattanooga

Sir:

Guess I'm one of Harris' sissy, misguided squirts. I don't play football, but I do go to college and did put my time in a rifle company in Korea. While platoon sergeant, I had a colored corporal for a squad leader, and any time a guy such as Corporal Hampton can't go where I go, let Brother Harris step up, and this sissy will kick his can.

RICHARD C. ST. JOHN

Mankato, Minn.

The Big Smoke

Sir:

Your article on lung cancer and cigarette smoking [TIME, Nov. 30] states the staggering fact that the people of the U.S. smoke 433 billion cigarettes a year. The ordinary cigarette measures 2½ in., and a little arithmetic shows that if those cigarettes were placed in line in a single strand, they would encircle the earth at the equator 751 times. Thus:

$$\frac{2\frac{3}{4} \times 433,000,000,000}{12 \times 3 \times 1760} = 18,793,402$$

miles. The circumference of the earth at the equator is approximately 25,000 miles. So:

$$\frac{18,793,402}{25,000} = 751.$$

HARRY MARLAND

Tunbridge Wells, England

TIME, DECEMBER 28, 1953

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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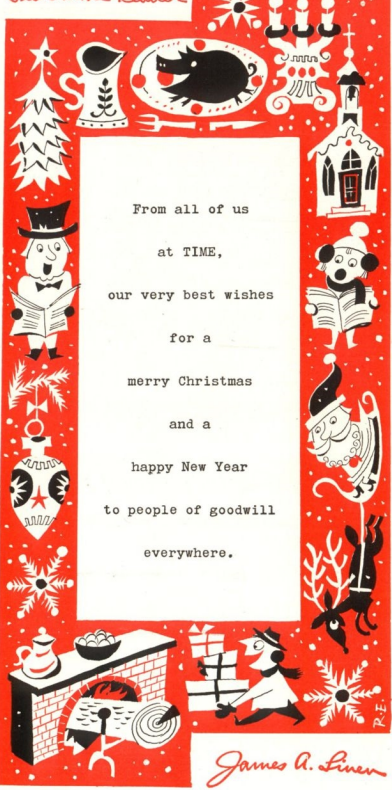
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GREETINGS FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader





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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Man in Charge

For nearly a year after he took over at SHAPE headquarters in France in 1951, General Dwight D. Eisenhower was quiet and unassertive. He listened to his staff, he listened to the leaders of Europe, he asked questions. Some of his associates grew impatient. When was he going to show that he was in charge of the defense of Western Europe? One day, at a full-dress conference on the big picture in Europe, he answered their question. After listening to repeated reports on Soviet strength, he abruptly announced that he was damned tired of hearing how helpless the West was before Soviet power. With eyes flashing, he told the men of SHAPE: "We are here to build the defenses of Europe, not to wring our hands at how bad they are. . . . I want to know from day to day what each one of you is doing about it. I want to hear from you how the defenses of Europe are increasing to meet the situation which paralyzes all of you."

With that, General Eisenhower strode toward the door of the conference room, grabbed the knob, flung the door open and stalked out, his back set like a fixed bayonet. As he left, the SHAPE staff—Americans and Europeans alike—broke into applause and then began to cheer. The door reopened. Eisenhower stood there, smiling. He bowed slightly and closed the door again. After that, there was no doubt about who was in charge.

"Sensing" the Job. The scene in post-war France, recalled last week by an officer who was there, illustrates a basic personality trait with which Eisenhower's staff officers in SHAPE in World War II also were familiar. Eisenhower is a slow starter. He likes to surround a problem, to watch, listen, absorb and learn all he can. Then he acts decisively, firmly. This was his method of operation in planning the invasions of North Africa and Normandy. It was his technique in the presidential campaign last year. He now recalls, with understandable enjoyment, the much-quoted August 1952 Scripps-Howard editorial which declared that his campaign was "running like a dry creek."

This month Dwight Eisenhower came to the end of another great period of preparation. He had spent nearly a year, as one aide put it, "sensing" the job. While he was doing so, many a politician and editorialist asked: When is he going to take charge? In Washington last week,



Harris & Ewing

SENATE LEADERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE*
"Now let's get to work."

there was no doubt that President Eisenhower was the man in charge.

One public indication of the change was the President's United Nations speech, in which he forcefully seized the initiative in the world's effort to live with the atom (TIME, Dec. 14). When he called in Republican congressional leaders to outline a legislative program last week, he clearly showed that he meant to lead in the privacy of the conference room as well as in the public eye.

The Details of Every Problem. To the surprise of some, it was Dwight Eisenhower personally—and not his staff—who outlined his program to legislative leaders. He did so from his head, with only a few documents to illustrate his points. Said one conferee: "It is absolutely amazing what the President has learned in the last year. He knows the details of every problem—farm, water, power, conservation, taxes, social security, anything. . . ."

When the three days of conferences were over, the President announced that "in virtually every instance it was agreed by all to press for enactment" of the proposals he had presented (see box on next page). His program, said the President, was based squarely on the 1952 Republican platform. He listed as its guiding principles: "1) Use as a measure of every element of American foreign policy the one, simple rule: Does it advance the interest of America? In that vein, it is clear

that we must continue to strengthen the unity of the free world to resist aggression. 2) Present a domestic program that will give our people a guarantee that they can depend on this Administration to protect the security, the welfare and the economic stability of each individual citizen."

There is no certainty that the old heads on Capitol Hill are going to follow, but Dwight Eisenhower has clearly demonstrated his determination to lead the way. He expressed his mood crisply when he told the G.O.P. leaders from Capitol Hill: "Now let's get to work."

A Tough Time

At the first presidential press conference ever to be broadcast in full, Dwight Eisenhower, permitting direct quotations (see PRESS), last week met or parried questions ranging from atomic energy to parental failure. Where did his U.N. speech idea of pooling fissionable materials for peacetime purposes come from? A newsman asked. The President grinned and reddened self-consciously. Then he admitted, "I think that I originated the idea of a joint contribution to a central bank. . . ." What about sharing atomic weapons with NATO countries, as reports from Paris had been suggesting? The President

* At left, Michigan's Homer Ferguson, chairman of the Republican Policy Committee, and California's William Knowland, majority leader.

In answer to Downeaster May Craig, a

This week the President prepared to make a nationwide radio and TV Christmas Eve appeal for peace. Christmas Day the Eisenhowers would fly to the Eisenhower Cabin in Augusta, Ga., where he planned to work on the three messages he must deliver to Congress in January. "It will be a pretty tough time," remarked the President of the U.S.

Hawaii & Alaska: Statehood will be proposed for Hawaii but not for Alaska.

The Right Language. While Ezra Taft Benson has raised plenty of dust among some farmers with that kind of philoso-

phy, he was talking the right language to the Farm Bureau, the largest (1,626,632 families) farm organization in the U.S. For six years the Farm Bureau's president, an Iowa hog farmer named Allan Kline, has been arguing for flexible price supports. Kline subscribes to the theory that farmers would gear their production to supply and demand rather than to Government bounty if support prices ranged from 75% of parity when a crop is in surplus to 90% of parity when it is scarce.

Caught in the price-cost squeeze, some Farm Bureau members turned against Kline. To appease the dissidents in Chicago, Kline & Co. employed a semantic device. In the resolution renewing the organization's stand, they used "variable" instead of "flexible," which has become a bad word in some farm circles. With that and with some other minor bows to the 90-percenters, the convention passed the resolution and re-elected Kline. Farm Bureau leaders thought it was a notable show of unity. Said one: "It's hard enough for a corn man and a wheat man to get along, not to mention the difference of, say, a hog man and a cotton bug."^{*}

Benson's words and the Farm Bureau's action indicated that the Administration's new farm program will lean toward "variable" supports and the law of supply and demand.

THE ADMINISTRATION Beachhead

One of the toughest tasks Dwight Eisenhower has faced as President of the U.S. is the job of capturing control of the Government. After 70 years of ups & downs, the civil service had spread its patriarchal protection over 95% of all 2,500,000 federal employees. Ike had trouble getting a toe hold on 900 top policymaking jobs in Washington for his own appointees. Last week, however, the Administration won a sizable beachhead in its battle with the burrowed bureaucrats.

In a test case, Washington's U.S. District Judge Richmond Keach, a Democrat, ruled that the Department of Justice had a right to dismiss Attorney Leo A. Roth from his \$10,800-a-year job. Roth, who was fired last June, insisted that he had unassailable civil-service status. Judge Keach held that the President has unlimited power to decide which jobs "shall be excluded or excepted from the classified civil service."

The court victory should provide some small comfort for Republican National Chairman Len Hall, who has the unhappy task of finding jobs for patronage-hungry Republicans. Last week Hall telephoned Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Hobby to ask: "Oveta, have you got a social-security program yet that will give a 53-year-old man \$500 a week for the rest of his life?"

"No, Len," said Mrs. Hobby, "but why?" Replied Hall: "Because if you

have, I'm quitting this blasted job." Hall and other Republican politicians complain that the Eisenhower Administration ignores their patronage demands. It will probably continue to do so. Ike and his top advisers are much less interested in jobs for Republicans than they are in removing those Democratic bureaucrats who, actively or passively, resist Administration policies.

Although the Roth decision affects some 350,000 federal employees, it does not mean 350,000 new jobs for Republicans. "It should not bring alarm to career em-

the returning traveler summed up: "has a desperate need and yearning for peace."

As a result of his trip, Nixon is expected to submit a list of suggestions to the Administration. Reportedly among them: 1) U.S. diplomats should behave with less reserve and do more handshaking; 2) the U.S. should make a big enough commitment in Indo-China to enable the French to achieve a military victory; 3) the U.S. should adopt a get-tough policy toward Nehru's India, particularly by ignoring Nehru's objections to U.S. military aid for Pakistan. This week the Vice



Harris & Ewing

THE NIXON SISTERS* GREETING THEIR PARENTS
Three fond pots for "Speckled Beauty."

ployees and those in the competitive civil service," said Civil Service Commissioner George Moore. He had a warning for some workers, however: "I have been told of many examples of how federal employees are . . . sabotaging the aims and purposes of the Administration. I do not believe . . . the civil-service system [should] be used as a device for protecting those who seek to destroy the policies and programs of President Eisenhower."

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY From Teeming Shores

By Constellation, helicopter, limousine, jeep, tractor, oxcart and imperial coach, Vice President Richard Milhous Nixon circled the globe. In ten speech-filled weeks he traveled 45,539 miles, visiting 19 Pacific and Asian lands, shaking thousands of hands. Last week Dick Nixon and his wife Pat returned to Washington.

At National Airport, the Vice President stepped from "Speckled Beauty," his name for the Air Force Constellation which had become his home and his only place of refuge from enthusiastic Asians. He fondly patted its shiny fuselage three times, as if it were a trusty steed. Asia,

President will deliver a televised report. Meanwhile, his trip had earned distinction for Nixon as the Eisenhower Administration official most likely to succeed.

DEFENSE Decision by Lottery

The National Security Training Commission last summer was told by President Eisenhower to bring order out of confusion in the nation's military draft and reserve system. Headed by Julius Ochs Adler, vice president of the New York Times and an Army Reserve major general, the commission went to work, last week submitted its report. Result: confusion compounded.

The commission had no trouble finding inequities of the present system, e.g., more than 600,000 U.S. veterans of World War II were called back to duty and thrown into the Korean war, while about 2,500,000 qualified non-veterans were not sent to Korea. But the commission brought forth some odd answers.

Bucking the logical trend away from emphasis on raw manpower as the basis of national defense, the NSTC plumped for universal military training. It urged that alternative programs be adopted: a six-

* For more on the cotton man's attitude, see BUSINESS.

* Julie, 5 (left), and Tricia, 7.

month training course for some 18-year-olds, and two years of actual military duty, to begin at not less than 18½ years, for others. Whether a man would serve six months or two years would be determined by a continuing lottery.

Adverse reaction was soon forthcoming. Dr. John A. Hannah, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower, took issue with the assumption that the half-trained UMTees would be valuable in any future war. To Missouri's Representative Dewey Short, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and a longtime enemy of UMT, the idea was ridiculous. Said Short: "A lottery with dollars at stake is bad; a lottery involving control of human lives is doubly bad." For all practical purposes, House Speaker Joe Martin wrote a terse obituary for the plan. Said Martin: "I don't think the program would have much chance."

POLITICAL NOTES

Old Cavalrymen Never Quit

New Mexico's Patrick Jay Hurley, one-time (1902-07) Indian-fighting cavalryman and much later U.S. Secretary of War (under Herbert Hoover), is a man who can lose battles and still keep on trying to win the war. Three times (1946, 1948, 1952) he has tried to win a seat in the U.S. Senate, and each time he has failed. Last year, after Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez defeated him by only 5,375 votes, Republican Hurley cried fraud, contested the election, got the U.S. Senate to order an investigation. Last week, more than 13 months after the balloting, Pat Hurley still had a chance, albeit a slim one.

In Washington, the Senate subcommittee that has been investigating the election issued a preliminary report. By a 2-1 vote, it recommended that 30,000 ballots be declared void. Wyoming's Republican Senator Frank Barrett, subcommittee chairman, and Michigan Republican Charles E. Potter agreed that the secrecy of the ballot had been "flagrantly violated." Some districts had failed to provide separate voting compartments, as required by New Mexico law. Dissenting, Missouri Democrat Thomas C. Hennings argued that the violation of law was a technical one that had long been accepted in New Mexico, and does not constitute fraud.

If the 30,000 ballots were thrown out, Hurley would have about 5,000 more votes than Chavez. The subcommittee's vote is by no means a final action. Chairman Barrett said that he plans further investigation, may not file a formal report for another six weeks. Then, the recommendation will go to the Senate Rules Committee, which will report to the Senate. Unless fraud is clearly shown, a majority of Senators almost certainly will stand by Colleague Chavez. On one other point, however, there was even greater certainty: having won a skirmish, old (70) Cavalryman Hurley is sure to dig in his spurs and ride harder than ever.

Bell Ringer v. Burke

When Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche appointed Mayor Thomas A. Burke of Cleveland to the U.S. Senate last October, one Ohioan reacted bluntly. Said U.S. Representative George H. Bender: "A New Deal Democrat . . . He will not represent the majority of Ohio. He will substantially misrepresent us." Last week Bender announced his plan to remedy the situation: he will be a candidate next year for the Senate seat Burke holds.

A hearty, heavy (200 lbs.) insurance man from Cleveland, Bender is remembered by televisioners as the man ringing a bell and singing *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover* during the demonstrations for



CANDIDATE BENDER
In Ohio, "a special trust."

Robert A. Taft at the G.O.P. national conventions in 1948 and 1952. A member of the party's conservative wing, Bender said he regards the Senate seat he is seeking as "a special trust" because it was held by Taft. Elected to Congress seven times (six at large and once from the 23rd District), Bender has been a good vote-getter throughout Ohio, is particularly strong downstate. Democrat Burke, four-term mayor of Cleveland, who has already announced that he will try to hold the Senate seat, will run strong in his home town. The consensus of Ohio political observers last week: a close race.

INVESTIGATIONS

Toward a McCarthaginian Peace

The first six months of 1953 was a period to warm the cockles of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's heart. He bounced from headline to headline, denouncing the use of Communist books in U.S.-sponsored

overseas libraries, challenging with cloakroom innuendo the appointment of Charles Bohlen as ambassador to Russia, engaging in a transatlantic cat fight with Britain's Clement Attlee. But with the adjournment of Congress, McCarthy had to scramble to keep his name in the big black type. He was beginning to sag as a topic of conversation when Harry Truman came to his aid by injecting Joe into the Harry Dexter White case—in which McCarthy had had no part. Last week, with public hearings regarding Communism in the Army Signal Corps radar laboratories at Fort Monmouth, N.J., McCarthy was bouncing again.

Last October, while on his honeymoon in the West Indies, McCarthy learned that the Army had suspended several Fort Monmouth employees as "security risks." With that, the honeymoon was over. McCarthy flew to New York and began closed hearings. Unidentified witnesses scuttled in and out, rumors of missing microfilm and sinister scientists filtered through, and from time to time McCarthy emerged with dark reports of a Communist espionage ring organized by Atom Spy Julius Rosenberg, which "may still be in existence" at Fort Monmouth.

Some papers played nebulous rumors about the evidence as fact; other papers asserted that McCarthy was getting nowhere. Either way, Joe got the headlines. But the time came when McCarthy was willing to agree with Army Secretary Robert Stevens that the whole probe should be called off. At that point, last month, Stevens took a step that was either a courageous act or a big mistake. At a press conference, two reporters, whose stories had been critical of McCarthy's hearings, needled Stevens into saying: "We have been unable to find anything relating to espionage." McCarthy burned and bored into the counterpunch. He grimly promised to open up the hearings and "let the evidence speak for itself." The Harry Dexter White case, which had given Joe \$300,000 worth of free TV time, greatly enhanced interest in his revival of the Fort Monmouth hearings.

From the Grave. Thirty-three Fort Monmouth employees already had been suspended by the Signal Corps, not as a result of McCarthy's investigation. Some had been reinstated; most were awaiting hearings. Of the 33, McCarthy called only one, Aaron Coleman, a classmate of Julius Rosenberg at the City College of New York, who went to Fort Monmouth in 1939, became a radar laboratory chief.

On the witness stand, Coleman admitted attending a Communist meeting with Rosenberg 16 years ago during their senior year at C.C.N.Y., but he swore that he had never seen, heard from or corresponded with Rosenberg after they left college. McCarthy, who admitted he had no living witnesses to prove the story, confronted Coleman with testimony from Rosenberg's trial: Rosenberg said that while an inspector at Fort Monmouth in the early 1940s, he had seen Coleman

there. Said McCarthy, threatening a perjury citation against Coleman: "Testimony from the grave is admissible here."

Andrew J. Reid, chief intelligence agent at Fort Monmouth, testified that in 1946 a guard caught Coleman leaving the radar laboratories with secret documents. Coleman was asked if he had other such papers at home. "At first, he denied it," said Reid. "The second time, he said 'maybe,' and the third time, he said 'yes.'" A search revealed 43 documents, many of them marked classified, on a desk in Coleman's room. Coleman, called to the stand, told McCarthy he had taken the papers home to study.

To Harvard? At that, Coleman was one of the most cooperative witnesses. In ten days of hearings, 23 witnesses, not all of them Fort Monmouth alumni although most had worked for the Signal Corps, refused to answer questions. Some of them need not have bowed even to McCarthy in the calculated art of making news. Among them:

¶ Albert Shadowitz, an employee from 1943 to 1951 of a company doing Signal Corps work, refused to answer questions. The day after he received his subpoena to appear before McCarthy, Shadowitz said, he drove to Princeton, and talked for an hour to Dr. Albert Einstein, whom he had never met before. Said Shadowitz: "I discussed this matter personally with Dr. Einstein in Princeton, and he advised me not to cooperate with this or any other committee of the same nature." Replied McCarthy, by no means loth to have Einstein's name help his own into print: "I would suggest if you don't want to spend considerable time in jail that you advise with your lawyer rather than Dr. Einstein."

¶ Leonard E. Mins thoughtfully provided newsmen with a typewritten translation of Latin quotations which he read to McCarthy from a black, loose-leaf notebook. Mins, described by McCarthy as a veteran Communist writer who had access to classified radar information in 1943, was asked if he had ever engaged in espionage for Russia. He answered: "*Nemini delatorum fides abrogata*." Then he added wryly: "My answer also includes a citation from the Fifth Amendment." McCarthy, who knows a good performer when he sees one, was almost tolerant of Mins.

¶ Mrs. Sylvia Berke, who was employed at Fort Monmouth in 1943, denied that she was a member of the Communist Party then. With her lawyer beside her, a study in distress, Mrs. Berke said that she was not a Communist last Sept. 15, but refused to say if she had been one Sept. 13. McCarthy told her that if she is fired from her position as a school clerk in The Bronx, she "might apply for a job over at Harvard—there seems to be a privileged sanctuary over there for Fifth Amendment cases."

¶ From Suetonius, discussing the reign of Tiberius (14-37 A.D.), freely translated: "The word of no informer was doubted."

¶ Harry A. Hyman, a New York insurance man whom McCarthy called "a sleazy character and an underground espionage agent for the Communists," refused to tell anything except his age—31. Four witnesses identified Hyman as a Communist. McCarthy produced records indicating that Hyman in the last two years had made nearly 500 telephone calls to U.S. defense installations, including Fort Monmouth.

Midway in the hearings, McCarthy offered a new description of his purposes. Said he: "We do not feel it is a function of the committee to . . . prove espionage beyond a reasonable doubt. We feel it is sufficient to prove espionage—potential espionage—to a sufficient degree so as to

CRIME

Champagne & Cyanide

Until he killed his parents last summer, Harlow Fraden was unable to work out any really satisfactory way of shaping his environment to fit his ego and personality. He tried immersing himself in poetry, but his mother—whom he habitually described to friends as "that hateful paranoid"—would have none of it. After he graduated from New York University as a chemistry major last June, she plagued him to get a job "like other boys." Instead, Harlow—a tall, thin, languid youth with cropped red hair and heavy horn-rimmed glasses—lounged about the family's Bronx apartment, owlily reading



United Press

WITNESS BERKE (RIGHT) & LAWYER

Also advice from Einstein and quotations from Suetonius.

convince security officers of various establishments."

Within this limited framework, the Fort Monmouth hearings were a success: espionage was not proved, but evidence of a nature to give security officers the shudders was produced. Even so, bitter doubts were raised that McCarthy's aims were worth the cost. Walter Millis wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune* that the McCarthy investigation had demoralized the Fort Monmouth scientists to a "truly scandalous" extent. "The process of witch-hunting, bigotry, cowardice, race prejudice and sheer incompetence" has turned "one of our top-level, military-scientific operations into a mare's nest of exasperation, fear and futility," said Millis.

McCarthy, still smarting over Secretary Stevens' remark, adjourned his hearings until after the Christmas holidays—when he will return, determined to enforce a McCarthyian peace on Fort Monmouth.

verse. Eying him, his mother bawled the word: "Fairy!"

Harlow's father finally told him to "get the hell out of the house" and to stay out until he had made something of himself. In a way this worked out rather well—as the youth might have guessed it would. His parents had alternately berated and pampered him all his life. When he was small, his mother jeered at him as a "sisy"—and bribed other children to play with him. When he grew older, his parents bought an air conditioner for his bedroom, although they sweetered through summers without one themselves. When he set six fires in their apartment one night during his teens, they doggedly protected him from a suspicious fire marshal.

Having thrown him out, his anxious parents gave him \$2,000 to make a start in life and sent him a liberal allowance. Harlow got a \$215-a-month apartment on Manhattan's East End Avenue, and invited a dark, handsome young man friend named Dennis Wepman to live with

him. But after a while, his parents cut the allowance in another attempt to force him to get a job.

"Who Are You?" That was pushing Harlow too far, and he decided that life would be much more attractive if his mother and father were out of the way. The elder Fraden lived simply and both worked—Mrs. Fraden as a \$6,300-a-year teacher in the public schools, her husband, a physician, at a \$6,800-a-year post in the city health department. But they had managed to set aside a considerable nest egg; counting insurance, savings, pension

the apartment, found the bodies, called the police and wept hysterically at his parents' "suicides."

The Unfettered Life. After that, Harlow's life was improved. He bought a \$4,000 Oldsmobile, made a deposit on an \$18,000 Rolls-Royce, which he proposed to pick up later in London. He read poetry, ate well, and enjoyed the company of kindred spirits. His existence was not completely smooth; two Bronx detectives spent weeks tailing him, and on one occasion had the temerity to ask him if he had killed his parents. He replied that he was

accused him of murdering for gain. Nothing, he announced indignantly, could have been further from the truth—he had killed his mother simply because he hated her and killed his father because he was under Mrs. Fraden's thumb.

The two youths were put in a detention cell prior to being charged with murder. "We're going to the electric chair," Wepman bawled at other prisoners. "Where are you going?" Harlow ignored him. Harlow was reading Dryden.

SEQUELS

Exit

Executed in the gas chamber of the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City: Carl Austin Hall, 34, and his paramour, Mrs. Bonnie Brown Heady, 41, for the kidnaping and murder, eleven weeks before, of six-year-old Bobby Greenleaf of Kansas City.

PHILANTHROPY

Innocents at Home

Charity creates a multitude of sins.

—Oscar Wilde

American travelers are often shocked at the ragged beggars who gather around the cathedrals of Europe, the mosques and holy places of the Orient. The sight of a paretic Venetian pandering his nine-year-old daughter, or of a Calcutta mendicant clutching the withered body of a dead baby with one hand, a beggar's bowl in the other, is not easily forgotten. In such situations, Americans often assume the smug attitude that such things are not done at home; in the good old U.S.A., everything is organized, charity is tidily and efficiently handled.

Last week, from the doings in a Manhattan courtroom, Americans learned that the nation is nursing something far worse than the professional beggars of Europe and Asia. Millions of dollars are being siphoned away from charitable donations annually by professional promoters and racketeers. Even some of the worthiest causes pay fund-raisers up to 85% out of every donated dollar.

In Manhattan's County Courthouse in Foley Square, a committee headed by New York State Senator Bernard Tompkins and Assemblyman Samuel Rabin listened in stunned silence as a parade of witnesses, many of them very reluctant, unfolded a sordid tale of profit in the name of charity. Items:

¶ **The National Kids Day Foundation, Inc.**, a West Coast organization headed by Hollywood gossipist Jimmy Fidler, collected \$3,978,000 in five years, disbursed a total of \$302,000 for charitable purposes. The rest—82% of the take—went into the pockets of professional fund-raisers (Fidler receives no salary). Whimpered Fidler: "It seems like they're picking on us for publicity."

¶ **Slick Chicago promoters** started a "snowball" campaign by mailing 2,000 crisp dollar bills to "sucker lists" (with an



POISONERS WEPMAN AND FRADEN
Three glasses and a toast to the future.

United Press

benefits and some jewelry, they were worth in the neighborhood of \$96,000—dead. Harlow found it ridiculously easy to kill his parents.

After careful discussion of the matter with Roommate Wepman, a Miami attorney's son with vague literary pretensions, Chemist Fraden decided to use potassium cyanide as a terminal agent. One evening last August, he put a vial of the stuff in his pocket, got a bottle of champagne, called on his parents and joyously announced that he had got a job. He poured three glasses of wine, added cyanide to two of them, and asked his parents to join him in a toast to his future. They drank and toppled to the floor.

Harlow hurried to the door and called Wepman in to witness his triumph. The elder Fraden, still conscious, looked up at the newcomer and asked, "Who are you?" Neither youth bothered to answer him. Harlow reached for the vial of cyanide, knelt carefully, and poured more poison into his father's mouth. The partners in crime stayed on for more than an hour to make sure the parents were dead. Then they put the third champagne glass into a paper sack, broke it, and departed, dropping the fragments into a sewer on their way. Two days later, Harlow came back to

a gentleman; otherwise he would tell them what he thought of such a "dastardly" suggestion.

Neighbors in his apartment house complained at the noisy, late parties he gave for his men friends. He was evicted as an "undesirable tenant" after one of his guests tore a washbasin off the wall, loosing streams of water which did \$15,000 damage to the building. Harlow moved airily to an expensive room at the St. Moritz hotel.

Last week, however, Harlow had cause for real annoyance. He had a falling-out with Roommate Wepman, who had expected a small fortune, but had got only \$120 for his work as a murderer's apprentice. Wepman hit Harlow over the head with a blackjack, leaving a gash which took 18 stitches to close. Worse, Wepman suffered pangs of conscience, and blabbed the story of the crime to a girl. The girl told her doctor. The doctor sent her to the police. The police arrested the pair.

Wepman told the whole story. Harlow sat placidly, reading from the *Oxford Book of English Verse* and icily ignored the whole undignified affair, although he looked up at one time and said coldly: "He speaks for himself, not for me." Harlow himself talked only after the police

appeal to match the dollar, or better), eventually got back a clear \$630,000 for a nonexistent "National Cancer Hospital." The cost of fund-raising: \$435,000. Another Chicago outfit raised \$2,531,000 for the relief of war widows and orphans aided by Gold Star Wives of America, Inc. After fund-raising expenses were deducted, the widows' mite was \$309,000.

¶ The Kings County (Brooklyn) Council of the Marine Corps League collected \$67,244 for veterans' welfare. The net take: \$4,000. The rest went into the bank accounts, one hidden, of the promoters.

¶ The Disabled American Veterans collected \$21,480,000 over a period of three years with a series of splashy contests and a campaign to flood the mails with unsolicited trinkets. Out of this sum, the expenses of the fund-raisers amounted to \$14,529,000, "administrative costs" ate up another \$2,400,000, and \$3,837,000 more went for D.A.V. lobbying. Not a cent went for the direct aid of a needy veteran. The D.A.V. does maintain 1,800 local chapters, which help veterans, for example, with their claims against the Government.

¶ An unestimated mountain of "clothing for Korea" was sold on the secondhand market and the profits pocketed by the pitchmen.

¶ **"Bishop's" Rook.** The names of dozens of celebrities, it turned out, had been freely taken in vain. The D.A.V. campaigns used the names of President Eisenhower, former President Truman, and Generals Omar Bradley and Douglas MacArthur in unauthorized "endorsements," until they were stopped by the threat of a mail-fraud trial. The National Kids Day appeal featured a "testimonial" from Bing Crosby, although Crosby made affidavit that he had never given permission to use his name.

One successful fund-raiser in New York's Westchester County reckoned that he and his family would realize \$75,000 this year for operating half a dozen small-time charities. Another admitted he had posed as a priest and a policeman in telephone soliciting. In The Bronx, six "nuns" in rented habits and their self-styled "bishop" were arrested for rooking the public in door-to-door campaigns on behalf of themselves. A commonplace practice is to inundate the mails with cheap ballpoint pens (the D.A.V. mailed 32 million in one year), punch cards, nail files, copies of the Lord's Prayer and other unrequested items, accompanied by a "return or return" demand.

The Unknown Soldier's Widow. Such shoddy shady practices are within the law of many states, as long as some pittance goes to a genuine charity, but the Tompkins-Rabin committee promised, after the first round of witnesses last week, to seek legislation to end the charity rackets. Worried administrators of such legitimate charities as the Salvation Army, the Red Cross and the various Community Chests pointed out that their fund-raising and administrative costs rarely exceed 12%. There was widespread fear that worthy

causes would suffer financial loss in the exposure of the rackets.

But the U.S. public, which freely contributes to such hoaxes as the relief fund for "The Unknown Soldier's Widow," showed no signs of tightening its purse strings. U.S. charities of all kinds will receive more than \$4 billion this year.

THE C.T.E.I.T.L.A.T.H.T.

Among the opera-goers who heard Italian Tenor Mario Del Monaco sing at Milan's La Scala last week was a blind woman named Irene Meyer, 33, from Gaithersburg, Md. Two years before, she had heard him sing Radames in *Aida* at Manhattan's Metropolitan. Stricken with incurable diabetes, Irene told friends in Gaithersburg that what she wanted most of all was to hear Del Monaco once again. What happened could have happened only in the U.S., where people 1) form committees, 2) believe that dreams come true. Irene went to Milan on funds donated by The Committee to Enable Irene to Listen Again to Her Tenor.

AVIATION

Pilot's Choice

The big, hot, twin-jet Scorpion interceptor—shiningly fresh from Northrop Aircraft Co.'s assembly line—looked like a purposeful insect as it edged out on to the runway at the Ontario (Calif.) International Airport. Few heads turned as it took off at exactly noon one day last week—it was being flown on a routine production test, as a preliminary to being delivered to the Air Force. But two minutes later the airport tower man strained to watch it; the voice of the Scorpion's pilot had just spoken eight chilling words from a loudspeaker at the field: "Get out the fire equipment. I'm coming back."



TEST PILOT TOWNSEND
He had to fly again.

The pilot—a dark, level-eyed Alabamian named Eugene W. Townsend—was one of the thousands of young men who were swept into the air by World War II. He seemed to have been born to fly; he was a quiet, controlled fellow who moved with the easy grace of a natural athlete. As a Navy fighter pilot, he fought from the Marshall Islands to the Philippines, shot down six Japanese planes, won the Navy Cross. But like thousands of other young military airmen, he had got away from airplanes fast after V-J day.

The Quiet Life. Gene and his wife, a tiny, dark-haired, brown-eyed girl, opened a little restaurant in Glendale, Calif., prospered moderately, and settled down to savor the quiet life and raise a family. They had two children, Greg, now 3, Robin, now 6. "Townsend," said his pastor, "was one of those sturdy, quietly happy men whom children instinctively love. When he came into the church with them on Sunday morning, it always made me feel good—any pastor with one family like that in his congregation has every reason to be happy."

In the end, however, Gene decided that he had to fly again. Eighteen months ago he went to work for Northrop as a test pilot. He was a good one.

As his Scorpion came howling toward home, he quietly outlined his situation: 1) his right engine was on fire, 2) he had the fire under control, 3) the burning engine was delivering no thrust. In the next agonizing minute it became evident that he had other troubles.

"His flaps were still up," said a mechanic who waited. "He was coming in awfully hot. He must have been doing at least 180 in the approach." Though the plane's hydraulic system seemed to have stopped functioning, Townsend finally got his wheels down, apparently by using compressed air from the emergency container. "But even with that much drag," the mechanic noted, "she just wouldn't sit down."

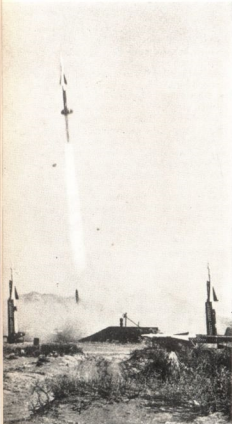
Another Try. The big, shiny interceptor skimmed along at terrific speed just above the east-west runway. At the halfway point, Townsend's wheels seemed to touch—but only for a second. He said over the radio: "I'm going to try another circle." For half a mile the crippled Scorpion labored for altitude. The gamble failed. In one last bid for life, Townsend headed toward an open field. It was bordered by houses, and for a tense second or so, as the plane settled, observers were certain that it would smash through them. Then Townsend nosed down. He had made his choice. The Scorpion crashed head on into a railroad embankment just short of the houses. Pilot Townsend, airborne for only five minutes, was dead when the fire trucks arrived.

Gene Townsend and his wife had planned to take their children out to buy a Christmas tree after he had finished work at the field, and to spend the evening decorating it. His widow and his children did so without him. That night, late, neighbors saw its colored lights glowing behind a front window.

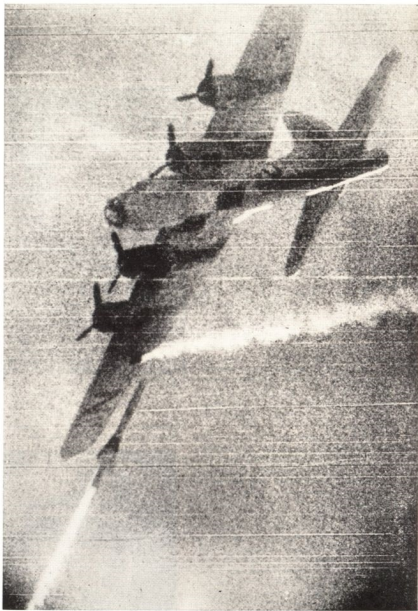
NEWS IN PICTURES

DEATH OF A BOMBER

TAKE-OFF: Nike (rhymes with Mikey) shoots skyward from battery of four at White Sands Proving Ground, N.Mex. in first picture sequence of Army's guided missile in action.



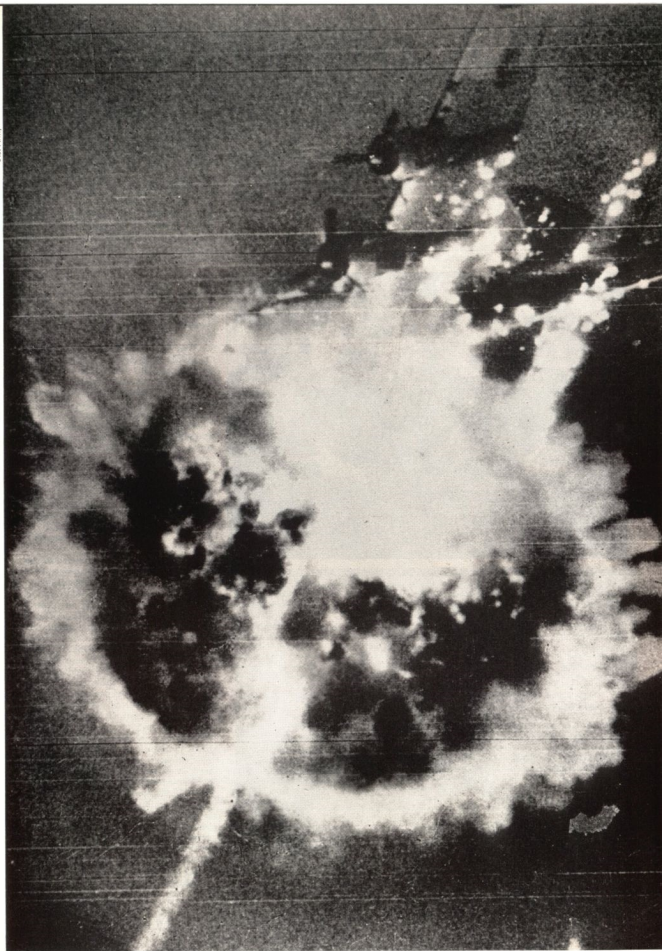
U.S. Army—International



ON TARGET: Missile comes up under wing of B-17 target plane (trailing smoke to enable photographers to

follow action). Radar and electromagnetic homing device guide Nike at 1,500 m.p.h. to "enemy" plane.

IMPACT: Nike's explosive warhead shatters robot plane. With a lateral range of more than 20 miles, Nike batteries will be used for antiaircraft defense of U.S. cities. →



INTERNATIONAL

RUSSIA

Policeman on Trial

Five months after his arrest startled the world, the Kremlin announced abruptly last week that Lavrenty P. Beria, ex-boss of the Soviet secret police, chief of Russia's atomic program and longtime comrade-in-arms of Malenkov, had broken down and admitted to the "most serious crimes against the state." Beria, added Radio Moscow, will face trial "at a special sitting of the Soviet supreme court."

This somber announcement was greeted with what *Pravda* called "spontaneous

rest of Beria, had the Kremlin found it necessary to announce that the leaders of the armed forces supported the authorities in the measures taken.

Last month the commissars of Leningrad, Armenia and Tula disappeared. More recently the Minister of Agriculture, Ivan Benediktov, was publicly denounced. Last week's announcement named six ministers and MVD generals to stand trial with Beria on charges of "high treason." They were all of Cabinet rank:

BOGDAN KOBULOV, deputy minister of internal affairs of Georgia.

PAVEL Y. MESHKIN, an NKVD depart-

ment that Moscow hopes will one day supply the Red armies in the Orient.

By charging such men with treason, the new regime was asking Russians to believe that for the past 20 years their lives, their security and, of late, their atomic energy program was controlled by a "morally depraved" police chief and a gang of "criminals" who were really "bourgeois capitalists" in Red revolutionary clothing. On Stalin's death it was Beria who nominated Malenkov as Premier of the Soviet Union, and Malenkov returned the compliment by naming Beria his deputy.

Case Study of Terror. According to the official indictment, Beria began "betraying" the Soviet regime 34 years ago, before it was properly established. In 1919, in Baku, "he carried out secret agency duty . . . under the control of British intelligence." During the '20s in Georgia, he "planted spies" throughout the Soviet bureaucracy and perfected "as his basic method, slander, intrigues and various provocations against honest government workers who were an obstacle to him."

"With the aid of these criminal methods," the Soviet public prosecutor said, "Beria got responsible posts." By implication, he is accused of the murder of Sergo Ordzhonikidze (Soviet industrial chief, intimate crony of Stalin), "who felt a distrust toward him," and more specifically, of "wreaking vengeance on Ordzhonikidze's family . . . It has also been established," the indictment says, "that the plotters carried out terrorist murders of persons from whom they feared exposure. In this way, Beria put to death M. S. Kedrov, a member of the Communist Party since 1902."

Purger's Dream. The prosecutor further accused Beria and his henchmen of "spying for imperialist reactionaries . . . resuscitating remnants of bourgeois nationalism," and—presumably as a sop to powerful Agriculture Boss Nikita Khrushchev—of "sabotaging the Soviet farm program."

There was no hint when the trial would be held, except for the ominous side note that Beria & Co. will be tried "in accordance with the law of Dec. 1, 1934"—an edict issued on the day Stalin's friend Kirov was murdered, before the great purge trials began. Its requirements, a purger's dream:

☛ "The case must be heard without the participation of the parties."

☛ "Sentences to the highest degree of punishment (*i.e.*, death) are to be carried out immediately."

☛ "Appeal against the sentence and petitions for pardon are not to be admitted."

On the basis of this law, there will apparently be no great trial in which Beria appears publicly and recants. He may already be dead, the secret trial simply a case of dictatorship trying to bury its crimes under a cloud of retroactive "legality."



BERIA, STALIN & MALENKOV
And all the while, one was a traitor.

demonstrations of the Russian workers and peasants." In Tiflis, capital of Beria's home state, "the entire Georgian people" was said to be condemning the traitor for "sowing poisonous seeds of distrust of our great brother Russian people."

The "confession" and the carefully controlled outcry were to be expected. What was new was the publication of a list of Beria's alleged accomplices: a who's who of Communist cops. Apparently Beria's group had taken advantage of Stalin's death to establish the MVD as a private enterprise of their own. But in the labyrinthine complexity of Soviet "monolithic" leadership, no such separation of powers can be permitted: Russia's elaborate intertwining of soldiers, party, commissars and secret police is designed to prevent such coups. Beria's apparatus had to be eliminated and loyal Malenkov men substituted as chiefs of the secret police. Whether the new regime had to call in the army to assist in the purge is still not clear, but one fact is: never before in the 36 years of Communist rule until the ar-

ment head and minister of the interior in the Ukraine.

LEV E. VOLODZIMIRSKY, the major general in charge of MVD's "vitally important matters section."

VLADIMIR G. DEKANOSOV, minister of the interior in Georgia and Soviet Ambassador to Berlin in the heyday of the Nazi-Soviet alliance.

SERGEI A. GOGILIDZE, MVD boss of the Siberian regions.

VSEVOLOD N. MERKULOV, the MVD's top-ranking spy catcher.

Capitalists in Disguise. Together with Beria, these six men had controlled the secret police of the Soviet Union. With some 15 divisions of elite troops and informers in every workshop, they wielded power that until recently was practically unlimited. Merkulov was confirmed as Minister of State Control by Malenkov himself, and he was still officially in office until last week. Goglidze, "the czar of Soviet Siberia," controlled an area almost as big as the U.S. and was responsible, under Beria, for the vast new arms plants

THE ALLIES

After the Shock

The French are famed for their logic, but when pride is hurt, logic flies out the window. When Secretary Dulles said last week that the U.S. would be forced to an "agonizing reappraisal" of basic policy unless France went ahead with EDC, he was making a statement of fact so plain as to be self-evident.

But the French were outraged. The favorite headline word was "brutal." *Le Figaro*, which is friendly to the U.S., called Dulles' warning salutary but "clumsy." Hardly anyone else was so polite. Anti-EDC Gaulists demanded that the French Cabinet explain "its regrettable silence" at this "intolerable interference in internal French affairs."

At the Quai d'Orsay, however, one knowledgeable Foreign Ministry man was convinced that the Dulles statement "did not do as much damage as some say it did." It was a shock—but only because French leaders had failed to make plain to the public and the National Assembly what the leaders themselves clearly understood and had been told again at Bermuda. One European quoted Dulles as saying to him: "I felt in my conscience that I must do it. If things turn out badly in the French Parliament, I can't blame myself for not having said 'Look out!'"

It was calculated shock therapy; the bedside manner had not worked. Under the usual diplomatic ground rules, governments speak only to governments; but since Laniel's dying government cannot commit France, Dulles chose to speak over its head to the French Assembly.

Shared Aversion. Dulles reflected more than U.S. impatience. In Bonn, where Chancellor Adenauer himself fears the resurgence of uncontrolled German militarism and regards EDC as the "unique" way to prevent it, Dulles' words on EDC were received "with satisfaction." French diplomats in Bonn muttered darkly of "collusion," for Adenauer had spoken with Dulles in Paris before Dulles made his statement. Italy's Premier Pella called Dulles' remarks "very courageous." Dutch Foreign Minister Beyen said it was necessary to speak "very clearly" to France, and Belgium's Foreign Minister Paul van Zeeland said: "The time has come to say 'yes' or 'no'; we have been in suspense too long." Some of these EDC partners might well have directed their remarks at their own Parliaments (see box).

Bristling Detours. Most important of all was Sir Winston Churchill's response. At Bermuda, fearing the "deplorable contingency" of French refusal to ratify EDC, Churchill had an alternative—admission of an independent German army into NATO. He hoped thereby to secure the support of French nationalists, who are said to oppose EDC solely because of the surrender of French sovereignty that it entails. But Ike and Dulles would not even discuss such bristling detours, and Sir Winston was told that the French Assembly would not approve, nor

WHERE EDC STANDS

	Lower House	Upper House	Present Status
Belgium	Passed	Probably will pass in January or February	Delayed, but approval likely
France	Never submitted	Never submitted	???
Italy	Never submitted	Never submitted	Wants Trieste settled first
Luxembourg	Stalled in committee	Never submitted	Watching what Belgium does
Netherlands	Passed	Probably will pass in January	Delayed, but approval likely
West Germany	Passed	Passed	Approved, but awaits court test

Adenauer assent to, such an alternative.

Said Sir Winston last week in the House of Commons: "Germany must make her military contribution to the safety of Europe. We cannot in any case expect a robust and valiant people of 60 millions to rest unarmed and defenseless in an unstable Europe for an indefinite period, and these facts have to be faced whether any of us in any country like it or not. . . . All the possible consequences of abandoning EDC should be placed squarely before the French people. I should not like it to be slurred over as a matter of little importance."

And if France rejected EDC? Dulles had spoken of U.S. unwillingness to collaborate if France chose to commit suicide. Did this mean, as some French critics leaped to conclude, that the U.S. would withdraw its troops from Europe and honor its NATO commitments by a "peripheral strategy" of defending the continent from air bases surrounding it? Publicly, the U.S. refused to consider any alternative until convinced beyond all doubt that EDC will fail. But a U.S. withdrawal is not probable; a U.S. reduction of troops is a possibility.

When reporters at Dwight Eisenhower's press conference last week questioned the wisdom of the Dulles statement, the President answered that Dulles had only said what is the law of the land; the Richards amendment to the foreign-aid act requires that half of 1954's military aid to Europe be channeled through EDC. Ike, therefore, was "a little bit astonished" that anyone should have thought Dulles' warning blunt. After all, said the President, "what do we do?"

The Glorious Uncertainty

At Versailles—where Louis XIV ("L'Etat, c'est moi") reigned in splendor, where in 1789 the States-General tried for a constitution and got a revolution, where in 1919 Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George presented their terms to the Kaiser's beaten Germans—the fashionable world of Paris gathered last week to watch the election of a new President of the Republic. Members of the French Council of the Republic (Senate) and National Assembly, more than 900 legislators in all, were choosing a successor to 69-year-old Socialist Vincent Auriol, who had served his seven-year term with



ADENAUER & BIDAULT IN PARIS
The time has come to say yes or no.

Keystone Press Agency

aplomb, acumen and distinction. Would his successor be as good?

The President of France has little power, but he can have much influence. In a time of state-odd conflicts, e.g., Roman Catholics v. anticlericals, and formidable new ones, e.g., the European army project, the legislators knew that the political stripe of the man they chose would be taken by the world as a symbol and an augury. After a fortifying lunch of lobster, chicken, mushrooms, pineapple and champagne, they trooped to the palace's south wing for the serious business. "Now," said Foreign Minister and Presidential Candidate Georges Bidault, "it's the glorious uncertainty."

Kiss of Death. On the first ballot, reflecting a jockeying for position among the parties, the surprise leader was a dark horse, Socialist Marcel Naegelen, onetime governor of Algeria, who had 160 votes. Next came Premier Joseph Laniel with 155; Bidault, with 131; and Radical Socialist Yvon Delbos, with 129. On the second ballot the Communists switched support from their hopeless candidate (84-year-old Trade Unionist Marcel Cachin) to Socialist Naegelen, on the grounds that Naegelen opposed EDC. Naegelen, furious but helpless, regarded this unwelcome Red support as a kiss of death.

The third ballot broke a precedent that had stood ever since the Third Republic's first President was chosen in 1871. Since then no presidential election had required more than two ballots, and most had been settled in one. But the third ballot last week produced no majority for any candidate. On the fourth ballot Laniel led with 408 votes—52 short of victory—and Naegelen had 344. Many candidates were now dropping out, Delbos and Bidault (both pro-EDC) among them. Now the choice was between Naegelen, who opposed EDC, and Laniel, who has been evasively non-committal.

Old Resentments. Laniel held strong, but so did the opposition to him, which came from the right-of-center Radicals, and from an embittered rival in Laniel's own Independent Party. Antoine Pinay had never forgiven Laniel for failing to support his economy drive, when Pinay was Premier in 1952. Finally Pinay gave in, threw his support to Laniel, saying: "You don't construct a policy of the future with old resentments."

By now, the balloting ceremony that began so festively had become a boring ordeal; the galleries were half empty. The French press began to call the marathon a scandal, a national humiliation.

On the fifth ballot Laniel had actually lost strength, but came back strong on the sixth and seventh. On the eighth, grimly determined to stick it out to the end, he was only 22 votes short of victory. Outside the brightly lighted palace, a policeman jerked his head toward it and grated: "That ends it—you'll never again catch me putting my vote in a ballot box." The newspaper *Le Monde* complained: "Whoever is elected will be badly elected."

KOREA

Rhee Retreats

Ever since the Korean armistice was signed, Syngman Rhee had been threatening to upset it. Time and again, Korea's stubborn and tough-minded president blustered that he would send his army northward in January, whether or not a peace conference was under way. In conversation with U.S. envoys, he haggled over aid to his country's economy, demanded an artificially high exchange rate, denounced as dictatorial the U.S.'s insistence that it be allowed to oversee the spending of U.S. relief money in Korea. Last week, on two counts, Syngman Rhee switched his line.

Dapper in a blue serge suit, Rhee faced forty-odd newsmen. Asked one reporter: "Your six-month waiting period will run



PRESIDENT RHEE
Money yes, ammunition no.

out on January 28. What military action will you take then?" Rhee's answer left his listeners staring with surprise:

"Peaceful means are the best conceivable method for achieving national unification . . . The period you mentioned does not mean much, since I only made it clear that I would give a 90-day period to conduct political negotiations after the convocation of a formal political conference." One newsmen pressed the point, and Rhee made it clearer: his armies will sit tight until the political conference, whenever it starts, has had 90 days to attempt a settlement.

Rhee's press remarks were meant for home consumption, but they made headlines around the world. The next day, ROK Foreign Minister Pyun Yung Tai declared that the ROK still reserves the "right" to take action on January 28. But the fact is that Rhee no longer threatens to resume the war next month.

Why did Rhee retreat? A succession

of high-ranking, plain-speaking American visitors had apparently convinced him that neither the U.S. public nor the U.S. Congress would support him if he persisted in his policy. U.S. economic advisers warned him that Congress has specifically earmarked only \$50 million for rehabilitation, with the other \$450 million dependent on his signing an agreement. Two days before his press conference, Rhee quietly signed a \$500-million rehabilitation agreement with the U.S.

U.S. military men have also kept Rhee's fuel and ammunition supplies on a day-to-day basis and have made troop dispositions, which should hinder Rhee's opportunities to renew the war alone.

Dark & Unrewarding Future

A team of U.S. explainers waited patiently in Munsan last week, armed with tape recordings, photographs and dossiers of 22 young Americans who refuse to come home. Day after day the U.N. explainers sent word that they would meet six Americans, the lone Briton and 30 South Koreans. But the prisoners refused to come out of their Communist compounds.

As the Christmas week deadline for explanations drew near, U.S. officers gave up hope of seeing the Americans, and conceded that they had little chance of getting any back anyway. Wide-meshed barbed wire, and the ease with which the 22 can approach the Indian guards, would make escape easy if any of them really wanted to go home. At week's end the explainers handed Indian Lieut. General K. S. Thimayya a twelve-page letter to the pro-Red Americans. It might be the only "explaining" they would get.

"The privilege you here enjoy to voluntarily seek repatriation or to voluntarily reject it is the fruit of . . . persistent effort on the part of the United States . . . If you should decide not to return . . . you will have made a most fateful decision . . ."

"Often times an individual is not aware of the artful, clever devices which have been employed to rob a man of his independence of judgment. This may take the obvious form of physical force or the threat of force [or] the subtle form of coercion . . . false innuendo, and even of outright lies." The letter asked the prisoners if they were sure they were making up their own minds, if they had considered their families, if they realized that promises might be false. "There is nothing more humiliating than to discover that one has been a fool, used for someone's questionable purposes and then tossed aside like an old shoe . . . We would wish to be certain that you are fully aware of the consequences . . . Your mistakes will be at your own door, your future, if it becomes dark and unrewarding, will have been of your own making." The letter made no threats, gave no promises.

Thirty days after explanations cease, the U.S. Army will list as deserters any who do not return.

THE TROUBLE WITH FRANCE

WHAT is wrong with France? Why should a nation that has successfully survived a thousand years be always on the brink of disaster? Why should a nation that blazed the Continent's trail to democracy be unable to govern itself? Why should a nation whose name has ranked for centuries as a synonym of enlightenment and intelligence be unable to make up its mind? No one ponders these questions more earnestly than the French themselves. As France sulked proudly at the sting of the U.S. Secretary of State's rebuke and vacillated helplessly over the choice of a President who would exercise little or no power, several thoughtful Frenchmen attempted to answer the question: What is wrong with France?

Historian André Maurois: "Three things must be done: reform of the constitution, reform of parliamentary procedure, and reform of the electoral system. A really determined political leader could, I believe, do it. France will always be a difficult country to govern, but she has survived worse crises than the present one and always astonished the world with her powers of recuperation. I would be willing to bet that in a hundred years' time—in 2053—France will be going along about the same as she is now—not perhaps much better, but no worse. Unless in 2053 there is one world—or no world."



MAUROIS

Novelist Jules Romains, author of the 27-volume *Men of Good Will*: "France is at a decisive moment of her existence. I personally believe we should introduce some of the elements of the U.S. Constitution. We need strong men in government, energy without despotism. I am often struck by the historical parallels of the *Directoire* and the First Consulate. Under the *Directoire*, everything seemed to be going badly, with the corruption and weakness of the government and the seeming irresponsibility and apathy of many of the people in the country, but it needed only a Bonaparte to come along as first consul and say, 'It's over, now it is time to get to work,' and suddenly things began to improve in a dramatic way. The tragedy was that Bonaparte



ROMAINS

was not content to remain as first consul, and was tempted by his ambition to turn the country back towards absolutism. What we need today is a Bonaparte who would in effect remain first consul.

"People are tired and disgusted with present politics, for it seems that no decision can be taken. But this mood can pass rapidly, if the right leadership arises. If France can strengthen herself internally, she has a big role to play in the world. She could be the center of gravity in Europe—not dominating Europe, but the central organ for United Europe. Some people may say, 'How can France play such a role in Europe, since she has shown she cannot manage her own internal affairs?' But this overlooks the fact that in long periods of her recent history, France managed her affairs very well. The future of Europe is not all a matter of businesslike management. It will also need imaginative ideas, of which France has always been so prolific.

"During the war, the thought crossed my mind that Paris might dwindle in importance, perhaps to become a kind of Vienna. But the new geopolitical factors have tended, if anything, to increase the importance of Paris as a world center. I hope the U.S. continues her traditional policy of alliance with France. She must, of course, speak frankly as to a friend, but she should take into account the ordeals of the past and



SCHUMAN

even perhaps some of the faults of character of her friends."

Ex-Foreign Minister Robert Schuman: "In a democracy without authority, everything goes adrift: Parliament, government, administration. We no longer respect each other enough to recognize the superiority of others. We know not how to command nor to obey."

Nobel Prizewinner François Mauriac, author of close to 60 books: "Our policy at present yields only immobility and rottenness. What is there to say of this unending swirl of opinions around the European army, on which, at Bermuda, our allies watched the two French corks dancing? The crimes of personal life can be redeemed and erased, but not those of political life. Because it never stops, because it develops unceasingly in all directions and on all levels, history does not pardon the consequences of a deed once done nor does it pardon our evasions and our refusals . . .

"Impotence—that is the flaw of our men of power . . . The statesman worthy of the name is the one who can make his own designs prevail over the passions of a Parliament, as he would be able, were he dictator and absolute master, to reduce to silence his own passions. Such is the gift of persuasion and of leadership which has been bestowed on none of our weak rulers.

"The essential cause of France's troubles is the extreme individualism of the French people. Each shade of political opinion insists on being represented. Of all peoples, we are the least cut out for democracy. Which explains the fact that since 1789 we have spent our time envying British institutions."

Businessman Georges Villiers, president of France's equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers: "Financial and economic policy of the state at all levels—taxation, credit, export policy—all must cease to discourage those who have a taste for risks. The spirit of initiative is not lacking in France. What is lacking is the chance for Frenchmen to show it."

Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, 29-year-old editor of the conservative weekly *L'Express*: "The French mystery is impotence—that lucidity should be followed by nothing. If you listen to an ex-minister, he will explain with serenity what might have been done. If you meet a man in office today he will brilliantly explain what should be done. The ideas are seductive, the directions are clearly indicated, the plans are detailed. France conceived the universe and then nothing, or almost nothing, happens . . . The men who govern today or have governed in recent years (they are practically the same ones), have taken the habit of no longer believing that a serious effort can be undertaken and succeed . . .

"Barring accidents and on condition that external forces do not intervene at any time in a brutal way, this sliding into mediocrity and inertia should lead the country slowly and painlessly into Communism. Those who believe it can't happen here are lulling themselves with illusions. France may still be saved by young men convinced of their mission, whose personal lives are austere and dedicated to work."

Poet-playwright Jean Cocteau: "Why ask of France that she should be neat and orderly? For then she would no longer be France. To us what is bad is the monologue. We don't want to speak with one voice. We like to have a perpetual dialogue, with everybody talking at once."



MAURIAU



VILLIERS



SERVAN-SCHREIBER



COCTEAU

FOREIGN NEWS

THE HOLY LAND

52 Hours of Peace

All year long, peace is mocked in the Holy Land. Across the barbed-wire frontier that divides Palestine with a crown of thorns, Arab legionnaires in red-and-white-checked *keffiyas* and Jewish soldiers in British-style khaki eye each other warily, fingers on triggers. By night in Arab border hamlets, villagers playing backgammon in the coffee houses hush their voices the better to hear the stealthy pad of an approaching "reprisal" patrol. In the white Israeli houses shaped like sugar cubes, newcomers to Israel anxiously tack grenade-proof netting across the window frames for protection against Arab-hurled "mosquitoes."

This week in Jerusalem, spiritual capital of three great faiths, hatred is scheduled to take a 52-hour moratorium. As in years past, Moslem and Jew will lay aside their guns so that the Christian world may celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace. Early Christmas Eve, at bullet-pitted Mandelbaum Gate in Jerusalem, a joyous and expectant caravan begins to form on the Jewish side. These are 3,000 Christians who live in Israel—most of them Arabs and all but a handful Catholics—cut off all year from their kinkof by the Arab-Israeli war. They yell greetings to their impatient families on the other side; then the moment comes: the gate opens.

The pilgrims journey to the Grotto where Christ was born, and then off to Christmas dinners with families and friends whom they see only once every year. An official of the Bank Leumi L'Israel at Mandelbaum Gate just this once legally exchanges Jordanian dinars for Israeli lirot. The pilgrim, returning 52 hours later, is allowed to carry into Israel Jordan food, which is ordinarily confiscated. Then the gate clangs shut, and the passageway once more becomes a barrier.

Each Christmas Eve the members of Jerusalem's diplomatic corps gather, gorgeous in cocked hats, plumes and silver swords, and retrace the starlit route of the Magi from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. They climax the occasion with midnight Mass at the Church of the Nativity.

But the route of the Wise Men is today a deadly pilgrimage that winds through mine-strewn roads and olive groves. So on

the morning before Christmas Eve, Jordan and Israeli soldiers, forgetting their hostility, carefully remove their own mines, and fill in their tank traps. Then together the hostile soldiers stretch hundreds of yards of white tape along the narrow, unlit road to guide the Christians. At dark, as the lights of the procession approach, waiting Israel and Jordanian armored cars turn on their searchlights and shout an official "Merry Christmas" to the caravan of dignitaries. From the groves of olive trees on the side, Jews and Arabs watch the Christians' ceremony.

Later, if the night is still, shepherds and soldiers on both sides hear the men at the shrine singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace . . ."

GREAT BRITAIN

Reunion in Paradise

"I honor Elizabeth as Queen of England and Sovereign Ruler of a noble people. I am stirred by this young girl who faces a tremendous task with a calmness of heart that shows she trusts in God. Lastly, although I have yet to meet her, I love her."

The speaker was the only woman in the British Commonwealth who had the right to talk of England's Queen on such terms of equality: Her Majesty Salote Tupou, Sovereign Ruler of the Eden-like Pacific Kingdom of Tonga, the Friendly Islands.

Bananas & Gingerbread. Last June 53-year-old Queen Salote traveled halfway round the world to see and meet Elizabeth at her coronation in London. Many a Londoner still has a vivid impression of the tall (6 ft. 3 in.), infinitely dignified Polynesian monarch as she rode through the rain in her open coronation carriage, disdaining the protection of even an umbrella in deference to her sister sovereign. The cheers that resounded for Queen Salote on London's streets that day were second only in volume (by actual measurement) to those which rang out for Elizabeth herself.

Last week Elizabeth, ruler of 50 million British subjects, stopped off on her voyage to Australia to pay a return visit to Salote. As the visiting Queen stepped ashore at the Tongan capital of Nukunaloa, it began to rain once more. Both Queens smiled broadly as Salote this time opened



QUEEN SALOTE

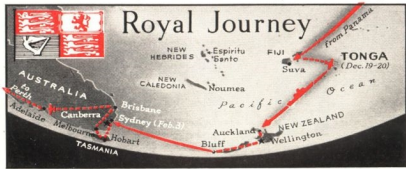
Nose flutes in the morning.

a large green umbrella and raised it over both their heads.

It had been a busy week for the Tongan Queen, whose 48,000 devoted subjects are possessed of almost every virtue except a fondness for hard work. The benevolent protection of the British navy and the lush abundance of the 200 or more islands which make up Salote's kingdom make physical labor largely unnecessary. On reaching manhood, every young Tongan gets a grant of eight acres of land from the government. On that land he can spend the rest of his life raising coconuts and bananas with a minimum of effort. As the British Queen's visit drew near last week, the Tongans felt far more inclined to sing and dance than to work, but there was much to be done.

Pigs, Point, Pineapples. Salote spent the week rushing about her island, keeping the festive spirit under control and supervising all the details of preparation. She saw the last of a spanking new coat of paint slapped on to her white Victorian-gingerbread royal palace, oversaw daily rehearsals of the entertainment program, including the plaintive nose-fluting solos dear to the heart of every Tongan despite the fact that their music is limited to three notes. There were triumphant rustic arches, bearing the legend "I Love You" to be made for the royal route of march, tapa cloth banners to be cut and painted, pigs to be killed, pineapples to be picked and the Royal Tongan Military Band to be drilled.

At the British residency, genial British Consul Jimmy Windrum and his Texas-bred wife Lois were busily making



Time Map by J. Donovan



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arrangements for a dinner dance: Jimmy himself anxiously supervised some electrical repairs made necessary by an ailing generator. Later on, when the royal reception was in full sway, someone unwisely plugged in an electric guitar and the whole works blew again, but nobody seemed to mind in the least.

Handshake, No Bow. Even before Elizabeth arrived on the island, she had agreed to change her traveling plans so as not to interfere with the island kingdom's strictly observed Methodist Sabbath. Queen Salote made an equal concession in permitting her subjects for the first time to greet both her and the British royalty with a handshake in the British fashion, instead of the low bow favored in Tonga. From all over her kingdom, the Friendly Islanders came by two-wheeled horsecart and outrigger canoe to extend the greeting.

At a banquet—4,200 suckling pigs and 2,100 chickens—the Tongan Prime Minister, Queen Salote's elder son, college-bred Crown Prince Tongi, made a glowing speech of welcome. Then, in high good humor, Elizabeth of Britain and her husband the Duke of Edinburgh settled back to eat the rich fare with their fingers, while wildly gyrating laka laka dancers whirled to the music of nose flutes.

Next morning, after a dawn serenade, the visiting couple attended church, then boarded the liner *Gothic*. As Queen Salote and her family circled the queen vessel in a government launch, the *Gothic* steamed off toward New Zealand. When the big white ship was hulled down on the horizon, a radio message winged its way back: "We take away happiest memories of Tonga and the great and friendly welcome given us by your people. May Almighty God watch over them and you."

H.M. Government Presents

In the House of Commons last week, Prime Minister Churchill wryly noted "the curious fact that the House preferred to give two days to television policy and only one to foreign affairs." In thus apportioning their debating time, the M.P.s were only echoing their constituents, who, ever since the glowing specter of TV first materialized in British drawing rooms, have debated the wisdom of entrusting its future to the governmental control of the lofty British Broadcasting Corp. Some are motivated by simple boredom at their present TV fare, others by the fear that all sponsored television will promptly descend to the level of J. Fred Mugs, the U.S. chimpanzee who was used to interrupt a New York showing of the BBC's coronation telecast.

By & large, the Conservative Party (led, for a change, by its young backbenchers) is in favor of permitting commercial TV. The Socialists are strongly opposed. But many a staunch Tory is also for control by BBC, on the principle that too much television in any form is bad for the people. A recent convert to BBC control is Tory Lord Salisbury, who used to boast that he had never seen a TV show and never intended to.



CHURCHILL
Casual pity.

Tyrannical Spoilsports. Last week, as the debate reached the floor of the Commons, the Conservatives aimed their appeal squarely at Britain's 3,000,000 set owners by painting Labor as a party of tyrannical spoilsports determined to keep their screens permanently free of anything more lively than the BBC's science surveys and ballet lessons.

"Is any honorable Member in this House prepared to put this issue fairly and squarely to his constituents?" demanded Assistant Postmaster-General David Gammans. "Is he prepared to say, 'You have for centuries had the right to sit on a jury and judge your fellow citizens; you have a completely free press; your cinema and your stage are not government-controlled,

and you have the ballot box by which you can decide your fate and that of millions of your fellow citizens; but you are not fit to be trusted with freedom of television.'"

"Labor," said one observer, "could never hold out against such an attack. It could be the deciding point of a close election."

After two days, by a vote of 302 to 280, the House gave its approval to the Tories' still vague "general policy" of permitting some form of sponsored TV.

Awkward Personalities. Their passions thus spent on television, most of the members were as docile as a BBC audience when the Prime Minister, who cares little about TV one way or the other, arose to report on the Bermuda Conference. He was in fine form as he told the House of his government's hopes for settlements in Trieste and Iran, of his plans to "redeploy" the British fighting force in the Middle East, of his many chats with President Eisenhower, about "our Russian fellow mortals—for that is what they are," about atomic energy, about EDC (see INTERNATIONAL), about such "awkward personalities as Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek" and other matters.

Except for the mutterings of some Tory rebels who fear that he is about to surrender Suez, the speech went relatively unchallenged. Clement Attlee could find nothing more severe to say than that Churchill had returned from Bermuda "a Father Christmas without presents." All was quiet, except for the area around Nye Bevan, Churchill's favorite target on the left. During his speech, Churchill remarked that "it would be a great pity if . . . relations between Britain and the United States . . . were to be increasingly expressed in what I might call Bevanite-McCarthy terms."

Linking Bevan with McCarthy was the surest way to infuriate him, and Churchill succeeded. Besides, Nye has been embarrassed of late by a Tory paper's discovery that an Egyptian paper had printed approvingly one of his articles on evacuating British troops from Suez. Bevan got to his feet full of facts and figures about anti-government articles Churchill had written for foreign papers during the '30s. He went on to quote a blustery article Sir Winston had written 40 years ago in defense of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. "This right honorable gentleman," interrupted Sir Winston, "has hitherto been trying to hide behind me. Now I gather he is endeavoring to hide behind my father." The duel came to a sudden end when Sir Winston had to leave the floor, apparently for a room which in Britain always bears his initials. "As I see the right honorable gentleman about to leave," said Bevan, "I think of Shakespeare: 'What private anxieties we have ye know not.'" The House chuckled at this misquote from *Julius Caesar*, and Churchill grinned broadly as he made his exit.

Somehow, the fact that emerged from Parliament's week is that the government's best shows are still originated at Westminster and not at Broadcasting House.



BEVAN
Private anxieties.

ITALY

Roman Holiday

Outside the grim walls of Rome's Regina Coeli prison last week, a happy mob of wives and sweethearts strummed mandolins and serenaded the prisoners cheering through the windows above. They had plenty to sing and cheer about: the Chamber of Deputies had just voted to free more than half of Italy's 50,000 prison inmates, the most liberal amnesty in the nation's history. Italy's police, however, did no cheering: the amnesty applies not only to political offenders but to thousands of petty thieves and run-of-the-mill crooks, many of whom, according to the cops' way of looking at it, will just have to be caught all over again.

GREECE

Goodfellow from the Kremlin

Three months ago, Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Sergeev arrived in Athens bubbling gracious compliments in fluent Greek. The first Soviet ambassador to Athens since 1947, Sergeev had a tough assignment: to dispel the bitterness against Soviet Russia that still lingers from the Communists' bloody, two-year-long civil war (1947-49) against the Greek government.

In a few weeks Sergeev traveled the length of Greece from Salonika to Crete, glad-handed everyone, did everything but kiss babies. He invited 500 prominent Greeks to the embassy for a Russian film premiere, feasted another 500 on roast suckling pig and caviar washed down with champagne and vodka.

In November, having set the stage, Sergeev prepared his biggest coup: he invited ten eminently respectable, topnotch Greek editors, politicians and educators (plus one fellow-traveling newsman) to visit Soviet Russia and see the proletarian heaven for themselves. Last week they were back after 25 days, and twelve of Athens' 14 newspapers were carrying their combined story, "What We Saw in the Soviet Union."

Unfortunately for the ambassador, the ten non-Reds turned out to be no innocents abroad. They were as interested in what they were not shown, and why, as in what they did see. They admired the cleanliness of the people and the orderliness of the queues. But Gregory Kassimatis, onetime Labor Minister, a staunch Liberal, was appalled, after touring two Red show-place factories, by the lack of industrial safeguards to protect the workers. All were conscious of being tailed at all times by security agents. When one tourist asked to pop in on a worker's home, he was told: "The Russian home is a sanctuary, and to enter it would be a sacrilege." Helen Vlachou, editor-publisher of Greece's No. 1 newspaper, *Kathimerini*, was impressed by the beauties of Moscow but depressed by the "civilian army of robots that walk the streets, colorless, drab and ugly. Where are the people that would give this city life, joy, hap-

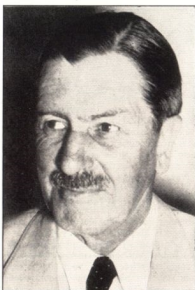
piness, a smile in this regimented society?"

Ambassador Sergeev might well have thought twice about trying to fool the Greeks on the meaning of democracy, since they invented the word.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Victory for Partnership

Segregation of blacks and whites into separate states v. "racial partnership" was the issue last week in the first election in Britain's new Central African Federation, which is an amalgam of the Rhodesias and neighboring Nyasaland. Sir Godfrey Huggins' Federal Party took its stand on Cecil Rhodes' dictum, "Equal rights for all civilized men." Hugginsmen believe that a color bar is still necessary in primitive Africa, but gradually they hope to remove it, as the Negroes "come



SIR GODFREY HUGGINS
Four to one.

of age." Opposing Huggins are the die-hard Confederates. Many of Northern Rhodesia's white copper miners are Boer immigrants who support the segregation policies of South Africa's Daniel Malan.

Only 64,000 whites—and 444 Africans—voted last week. They decided for the Federalists, and "racial partnership," by better than 4 to 1 vote. The results in terms of seats in Central Africa's first Federal Parliament were even more one-sided: Federalists 24, Confederates 1, Independents 1. With this kind of support, 70-year-old Sir Godfrey Huggins would be a strong and popular Prime Minister.

SOUTH AFRICA

Hot Literature

All over the Union of South Africa last week, housewives and bookworms were combing their dusty shelves for copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Hopalong Cassidy Comics*. Reason: the lady and the

cowboy, together with a rapidly mounting list of other books considered offensive by the government, were suddenly hotter than a chunk of radioactive cobalt. By a neat change of phrase in the law that formerly merely prohibited the sale of such books (penalty: \$600), Interior Minister Theophilus Dönges had made it a crime even to possess them. Standing dusty and unused on a forgotten bookshelf, a copy of Stuart Cloete's *The Turning Wheels*, UNESCO's *The Roots of Prejudice*, or any of the works of Novelist Mickey Spillane can cost its owner a fine of \$3,000, or five years in jail. As with cobalt, there was even a disposal problem, for it is against the law in South Africa to burn waste-paper, and—until the government makes a ruling on their status—most South African trash collectors are refusing to pick up the hot books. The only thoroughly safe bestseller in South Africa these days is Malan's own *Government Gazette*, which each month publishes a list of as many as 50 newly banned books.

INDO-CHINA

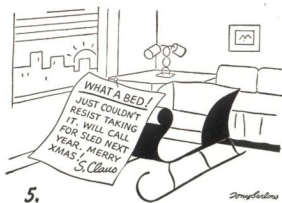
Fall of a Strong Man

Last week Nguyen Van Tam resigned as Premier of Viet Nam, biggest and most important of the three Associated States of Indo-China. In the strange tangle of intrigue and paradox that is Vietnamese internal politics, Tam, once an ardently pro-French pet of the French, had lost out in a struggle for power with wily Chief of State Bao Dai.

Up to six months ago, Nguyen Van Tam was a strong man in Viet Nam. Born 58 years ago to a family of small merchants, he was educated in France, became a lawyer, teacher and government official. His son married a French girl. He had a hand in putting down Communist insurrections before and during World War II, and wore, among other decorations, the French *Croix de guerre* with palm and star. He became Minister of Security (chief of police) and finally—against Bao Dai's wishes—chief of government, or Premier.

Last summer, when Premier Laniel's government promised sovereignty for the Indo-Chinese states within the French Union, Bao Dai (who was once an emperor and is still referred to as *Sa Majesté*) began playing an ardently pro-French line. Feeling his position menaced, Tam tried to bolster himself by joining the Vietnamese nationalists, but they would have none of him because of his earlier pro-French record.

Tam's latest collision with Bao Dai occurred when, despite his rebuff from the Nationalists, he backed their demand for negotiations with Ho Chi Minh's Communists. He also demanded measures to strengthen his Cabinet. When the ex-emperor refused, there was nothing for Tam to do but to resign his post. If the French concur, Bao Dai will probably appoint as Premier his good friend and disciple Prince Buu Loc, 39, a member of the Annamese royal family.



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CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • WASHINGTON • LOS ANGELES

★
TWO GREAT NEW STATLER!—HARTFORD (Opening summer, 1954)
DALLAS (Opening fall, 1953)

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Introduced to Cinemactress **Marilyn Monroe** at a Hollywood party given by Comic **Bob Hope**, Major General **William F. Dean** said, according to gossipists: "Meeting you almost makes up for my not seeing a woman in 36 months."

Seated before a serving of calf's head in Manhattan's "21" restaurant, **Hermione Gingold**, old darling of the London comedy stage, who is now playing her first Broadway hit (*John Murray Anderson's Almanac*), got off some mouthfuls between mouthfuls. On Englishmen as lovers: "The trouble with most of them is inbreeding—and eating all those Brussels sprouts." On a top-heavy Hollywood starlet: "It's amazing how far a girl can crawl on her bosom."

Top Communist **Robert G. Thompson**, who hid out in the California mountains for two years, dodging a three-year sentence for conspiracy, got a stiff penalty for playing hooky. A U.S. district court judge found him guilty of contempt, tacked another four years onto his stretch.

In Paris, Cinemactress **Gene Tierney**, although she is "devoted" to her constant companion **Aly Khan**, brushed aside thoughts of marrying the prince right now. Said she: "Home life is important in marriage, and Ali's geared for going places. His job and horses take him out a lot . . . But I like things real cozy."

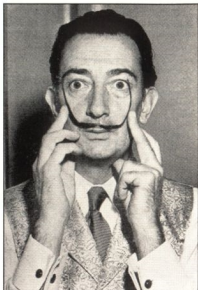
Braving 20° weather, **Harry and Bess Truman**, along with daughter **Margaret**, who came home for the holidays, mustered slightly frozen smiles at a ceremony

in Independence, Mo., where the former President snipped a 30-ft. red ribbon to open a new section of the 20-mi. Truman Road trafficway. Later, warming up to his subject at an indoor luncheon, Truman made a plea for safer driving, said he hoped the thoroughfare "will be used for traffic instead of a new scene for slaughter."

The Department of Justice announced that Canadian-born Mrs. Anita Boyer Field, 36, wife of party-lining Millionaire **Frederick Vanderbilt Field**, headed off into Mexico early this month. Her voluntary move was made, with Justice's blessing, so that she might avoid deportation on charges that she illegally entered the U.S. from Canada. With her went Michel, 12, and Elise, 9, her children by Dr. Raymond Boyer, former McGill University chemistry professor who did a two-year stretch for passing Canadian secrets to Soviet spies during World War II.

At the height of largesse time, Illinois' Senator **Paul Douglas** suggested a rule for politicians to follow in deciding whether to accept Christmas gifts from lobbyists and such. His advice: "It is suicide for elected officials to reject all gifts. People would think you were weaned on a pickle and lack the human juices . . . When gifts arrive, if they appear to be worth more than \$2.50, they are sent back . . . I don't think there is much chance of a Senator being corrupted by \$2.50."

In Paris, Surrealist Artist **Salvador Dali**, looking pretty surrealistic himself, was persuaded to exhibit his newly elongated waxed mustache. To nobody's surprise, Dali explained that his latest creation served a real function: "It is



United Press

SAVADOR DALI

For genius and inspiration.

like an aerial, stretching out to capture genius and inspiration, pointing to heaven like the spires of a cathedral."

Lifting her husky baritone in a Las Vegas nightspot, **Marlene Dietrich**, Hollywood's favorite grandmother, made her \$30,000-a-week debut as a saloon singer, entranced the boys in the front room with such wistful ditties as *See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have* and *Lili Marlene*. But the sensation of her act, eclipsing her off-key warbling, was her getup: a \$3,000 black net gown which, from the waist up, was transparent, except for an occasional sequin or rhinestone. The blasé gambling crowd gasped. Asked what she had on underneath the opaque part, Marlene purred: "A garter belt." Back in Hollywood, Jean Louis, the studio dress designer who created the slit-skirted spectacle as a gesture of defiance toward movie censors, deplored Marlene's modesty. "I wanted to make the skirt transparent to show her legs, but she didn't want that," grieved Jean Louis. "I was heartbroken."

On a visit to Sicily, U.S. Ambassador to Italy **Clare Boothe Luce** got word that she had topped the Associated Press poll as the woman of the year in politics.

On a foray into enemy territory, Los Angeles' Mayor **Norris Poulson** visited Philadelphia (1950 pop. 2,071,605), which is currently fighting an unofficial census battle with the California city (1950 pop. 1,970,358) over which is now bigger. Mayor Poulson's embarrassing mission was to inspect a new method of dispelling smoke and fumes. Goaded by Philadelphia newsmen to make a statement on smog in his land of sunshine, Poulson manfully retorted: "We don't have it continuously, you understand. It's just seasonal."



United Press

THE TRUMANS AT HIGHWAY DEDICATION IN INDEPENDENCE
With a snip and a prayer.

FOR IMPORTANT

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MEDICINE

One Year Later

A little boy whose blond hair grows in streaks and patches emerged from his private room in Chicago's University of Illinois Hospital last week and joined other children in the ward. Though he is 27 months old, he had never seen Santa Claus. Awakened from an afternoon nap for the party, he did not know what to make of it. The hospital Santa knew better than to pat this boy on the head: he was Rodney Brodie, survivor of the skull-jointed twins who were separated a year ago (TIME, Dec. 29).

When he got the sleep out of his eyes, Rodney was soon busy dialing the toy telephone that Santa gave him. He was looking better than ever, for he is filling out nicely and no longer needs a cap or bandage to cover his head. Surgeons have

The Thoracic Clinic's first patient for a heart-valve operation was one of its brightest alumnae: Mrs. Claire Ward, 29, of Newark. In the spring of 1948, Mrs. Ward was bedridden for months with heart failure; she could not even walk unaided to the next room. Today she holds an office job and does her own housework as well. Pressed as to whether she had any complaints, Mrs. Ward admitted that she feels a bit short of breath after climbing three flights of stairs.

There was also the Oregonian who was in such bad shape in 1952 that Chief Cardiologist William Likoff doubted that he could survive surgery. He and his wife insisted on it, and he had a tricky double operation. Now he spends eight or nine hours a day on horseback. There was also a Pennsylvanian who startled the doctors by saying that he had gone back to work



SURGEON BAILEY WITH PATIENTS WARD & SCHMIDT
Back to the saddle, back to the mines.

made his head more normal in appearance. Rodney's speech is improving (he soon addressed Santa as "Caus"), and he is expected to be walking soon.

This week, the doctors let Rodney's parents drive him 265 miles to their farm home at Ferris, Ill. for Christmas with his two brothers, two sisters.

"Close to Your Heart"

Staid Philadelphia was the scene of an unusually gay reunion last week, and the headquarters for it was an unlikely spot: the Charles P. Bailey Thoracic Clinic. But few celebrators anywhere could have had better cause to rejoice than the 306 graduates of heart surgery who traveled (at their own expense) from as far away as Canada and California, Puerto Rico and Venezuela to let the Bailey team of eight doctors check on their progress. All had been heart cripples a few years ago; now, with a few exceptions, they were well and proud to show it.

In the coal mines. "Hell," he said, "that's the only job I know." In schoolgirl high spirits and 40 pounds heavier was Judith Schmidt, 12, who had been chilled in a freezer before her operation (TIME, Oct. 13, 1952).

Not all the stories were as good as these. There was a woman with a heart valve scarred by rheumatic fever, which worked well after surgery but has recently begun to leak again. Four of the reunions had symptoms which led to their being promptly hospitalized for observation and possibly further treatment. But the assemblage proved its point: delicate surgery inside the heart is getting safer, and it can bring many a case, once thought hopeless, back to healthy, happy living. The patients at their dinner dance gave their loudest applause to a doctor who introduced Surgeon Bailey with the words: "He has been close to your heart." Then the recovered patients waltzed and jitterbugged.

The Hidden Problem

Every day hundreds of U.S. parents are faced with a problem which few of them know how to tackle: a son (more rarely, a daughter) who shows more interest in his own than in the opposite sex. Such cases are commonest in families that have been disrupted by the death of one parent, by divorce or separation, or by constant bickering between husband and wife. But they are also found, and all too often, in families that consider themselves normal in every way. Then parents scourge themselves with the question: "What did we do wrong?"

Some parents berate the boy more than themselves. Last week, when Harlow Faden was indicted for the cocktail murder of his parents in The Bronx (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), he was quoted as saying that he had killed them because "his mother called him a 'fairy.'"

Though homosexuality may have its origin in early childhood, it is generally not until the beginning of adolescence that a boy gives overt signs of it. At this stage, responsibility lies most heavily upon the parents. They need to know that in every human personality there are both masculine and feminine traits, and that puberty, being a time of great stress and adjustment, is also a time for experimentation.

The startling statistic compiled by Zoologist Alfred C. Kinsey (TIME, Aug. 24) that 50% of U.S. males have some homosexual contact in their lives does not prove them sexually abnormal. In the great majority of cases, the contact is slight and limited to one or a few occasions during childish exploration in a strange, new world. Parents who recognize this will not make the mistake of exaggerating the importance of the event. Then, most likely, the fancy will pass without more ado.

The real problem of male homosexuality involves boys who show no sign of growing out of it naturally. Partly because of strong social prejudices, partly because the topic was so long under a strict taboo, ignorance about it is almost universal. What are its causes? Can it be cured? If so, how? On these key questions, leading U.S. psychiatrists and other doctors are at last nearing agreement. A consensus:

☐ Homosexuality is not an inherited taint. There is no reason to believe that there is even an inherited tendency or susceptibility to it. Nobody is born with it, and it is not glandular in origin.² It is not a disease in itself but is a symptom of an underlying emotional disorder. This disorder may be of any kind and any degree of severity. It may be a common neurosis that leaves the patient outwardly well enough to go about his affairs, and amenable to treatment if he chooses to accept it. Or the victim may be a psychopathic personality, with a defective conscience or inadequate sense of responsibility.

² Though mist glands may cause the very different problem of pseudohermaphroditism (TIME, Dec. 15, 1952).

RADIO & TELEVISION

ity toward others, and virtually impossible for psychiatrists to treat successfully. Or he may be a schizophrenic (split personality); many of these respond well to treatment.

¶ There is one underlying cause common to every case of true homosexuality: the individual has failed to "identify," as psychiatrists put it, with the parent of the same sex. In normal development a young boy wants to be substantially like his father, and things go wrong when a boy rejects his father as an ideal. If the father is a dominating, bullying type, the boy is likely to prefer, and tend to identify himself with, his mother's yielding tenderness. If father is a henpecked weakling, the boy will reject him and resolve to avoid his mistake of falling into the clutches of a dominating or shrewish woman. The possible variations are innumerable.

¶ Underlying a boy's rejection of his father (no matter what the surface details of the latter's temperament) there is almost invariably a lack of true paternal love. For three months, Manhattan playgoers have seen this spelled out in Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy* (TIME, Oct. 12). Herbert Lee, divorced when his son Tom was five, claims to have given the boy "everything"—he has sent him to the best schools and kept him in boys' camps all summer. In truth, he has been everything to the boy but a father. When Herb Lee learns that his seemingly effeminate son is falsely accused of homosexuality, he does all the wrong things. So do many real-life parents, whether the charge is false or well-founded. They are fortunate if they can get worthwhile help from family or friends or even from their ministers. One useful thing they can do is to take the boy to a psychiatrist, where, first of all, such cobweb words as "hereditary," "congenital" and "hopeless" should be swept from their minds.

A psychiatrist will treat the parents as much as the boy, in an effort to correct the flaws in the youngster's background. He will seem to pay little attention to the symptom of homosexuality, being scrupulously careful not to give it disproportionate emphasis. Instead, he will help the boy to see how his emotional growth has been stunted or twisted by factors that he did not understand. Then, when the whole personality is once more developing along more nearly normal lines, the problem of homosexuality can be resolved.

Psychiatric treatment need not mean prolonged analysis. If the boy is in his early teens and not set in his ways, a few hours of give & take interviews may suffice. The older the boy and the more deep-rooted the habit, the longer the treatment and the less the chances of success. Some who will not give up the habit can be helped to adjust to society so that they will do no further harm to others.

Psychiatrists hold that bullying and cries of "Pervert!" are an incitement to the deviate to prove himself, possibly in crimes of violence. And, they add, those who protest most loudly against deviations in others are the least sure of their own sexual adjustment.

The Three Prosceniums

Director Ralph Nelson has an unusual TV problem: he is afraid of growing stale. Most TV shows live precariously from one 13-week option to the next, but Nelson's *I Remember Mama* (Fri. 8 p.m., CBS) has been on the air regularly for nearly five years with the same sponsor (General Foods), the same basic cast, the same editor, Frank Gabrielson, and the same producer, Carol Irwin. Veteran actors Peggy Wood and Judson Laire are still playing a lovable pair of Norwegian immigrants in San Francisco; Robin Morgan, Dick Van Patten and Rosemary Rice are still their Americanized children. Everyone has just gotten a little older.

Nelson keeps his actors fresh by rehearsing them less than any other dra-



Geno Pyle

DIRECTOR NELSON
After the news, a midnight movie.

matic show on the air—only six hours a week before going on camera. He tries to avoid directorial "writer's cramp" in himself by taking on outside chores with other shows and other networks, e.g., directing such westerns as ABC's *Outlaw's Revenge* or such thrillers as *Brandenburg Gate*, as a refreshing change of pace.

An ex-fighter pilot, Nelson, 37, served his apprenticeship on Broadway as a playwright (*The Wind Is Ninety*) and as an actor and stage manager in a six-year stint with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. He thinks the theater and television are on divergent courses. TV, he argues, has a different pace than the stage and infinitely more mobility: "I use three cameras on each show and, in effect, have three prosceniums." TV actors become puppets of the director, since "an actor never knows when a camera might be on or off him."

Nelson is so committed to TV that he

recently abandoned work on a legitimate play because "I kept thinking as I wrote it how much better I could tell the story on television." In fact, Nelson finds TV to be all-consuming, even in his off-duty hours. Recently he gave away his own TV set, explaining tensely: "I'd just sit down to watch the 6 o'clock news and the next thing I knew, there I'd be watching the midnight movie."

New Net

In 1943 only four radio stations were aiming their programs at a Negro audience. By last week the number had grown to 270 (out of a U.S. total of more than 2,500 stations). Next month Chicago Adman Leonard Evans hopes to capitalize on this "fantastic growth" by launching the first nationwide Negro radio network—40 stations from Miami to Los Angeles.

Two sponsors, Pet Milk and Philip Morris, have already signed for a weekday, 15-minute show, *The Story of Ruby Valentine*, starring Juanita (Bali Ha'i) Hall. Evans is not yet sure whether he will use "This is the National Negro Network" as a sign-off line: "The question is whether to ease our programs quietly into the mainstream of U.S. radio or to set them apart as Negro shows, thereby perhaps driving off potential white listeners."

Evans, 39, a husky (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.) Negro graduate of the University of Illinois, will have an interracial board of directors, but he is operating in the interest of efficiency, not tolerance ("Experience has shown that stations with black and white staffs are the most successful in reaching the Negro market"). By next fall he plans full network coverage of Negro sports, news and public affairs. Says Evans: "We're starting small, but we're going to wind up big."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 25. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, with Kunz, Guarrera, Seefried.

Peace on Earth (Sat. 5 p.m., NBC). United Nations documentary, with Charles Boyer.

America's Town Meeting (Tues. 9 p.m., ABC). "Flying Saucers: Fact or Illusion?" with Jonathan Norton Leonard, Major Donald Keyhoe.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Martha Raye singing *Carmen*.

The Backbone of America (Tues. 8 p.m., NBC). Written for television by Robert E. Sherwood.

Motorola TV Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). James Thurber's *The Thirteen Clocks*, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Rathbone, Roberta Peters.

Lux Video Theater (Thurs. 9 p.m., CBS). Ann Sheridan in *The Lovely Day*.



Engineers mount cameras and X-wing on supersonic rocket to test new design.

On California desert, rocket begins flight reaching 3 times the speed of sound.

Desert craters fade away as camera records speed effect on new experimental wing.

Here, another wing design flaps violently from the pressure of the supersonic speed.

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FIRST IN THE NATION'S ALL-WEATHER DEFENSE. Lockheed F-94 Starfires are jet interceptors loaded with electronics for almost automatic flight. Starfires protect vital U. S. cities, even in darkness or bad weather. For 8 years, Lockheed has built more jets than any other manufacturer.





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the Era of Automatic Flight

The above film strips take you behind the scenes to show Lockheed scientists testing new wing designs for future aircraft many times faster than today's. This is an example of advanced research at Lockheed's expanding Science Center. Scientists-engineers work with nuclear energy, pilotless aircraft, electronics systems, new metals for the era of automatic flight.

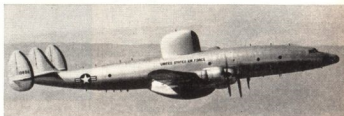
Lockheed discoveries in pure science are matched by Lockheed progress in applied science. Lockheed's science of design has produced a radar-laden team of protecting military aircraft—flying radar stations, almost automatic interceptors, anti-submarine patrol bombers. Skill in science of production enables Lockheed to produce 12 different models simultaneously—and all models are on schedule!

LEADERSHIP DEMANDS CONSTANT ACHIEVEMENT



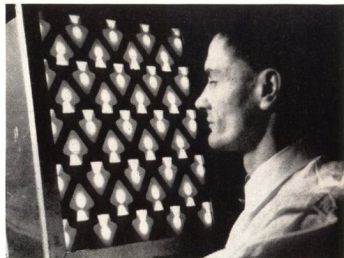
SCIENCE CENTER—Future forms of flight are studied here in Lockheed's new Engineering and Science Building.

FIRST! FLYING RADAR STATION. Lockheed Super Constellations, with radar humps, provide Navy and U.S.A.F. with new concept of defense—a new method of detecting an enemy hours in advance through applied electronics.



FIRST! ELECTRONIC SUB PATROL—Advanced models of Lockheed P2V Neptune Bombers give U.S. Navy long-range sub patrol with destructive power and advanced sonic devices.

TOMORROW'S METALS. Planes 10 to 25 years from now, currently under study by Lockheed, will require new materials to withstand tri-sonic speeds. Here, Lockheed scientist checks X-ray film of new metal.



COMING SOON—Look for other dramatic new Lockheed models soon, including XF-104 Day Superiority Fighter.

Lockheed

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LOOK TO LOCKHEED FOR LEADERSHIP

RELIGION

Loyalty Oath

It was just a detail—a finishing touch to the grim and familiar picture which might be titled "Freedom of Religion in a People's Democracy." The Polish Roman Catholic hierarchy, it was announced last week, had taken an oath of loyalty to Poland's Communist government. Church Leaders Cardinal Wyszyński and Bishop Kaczmarek still stayed under lock & key, and the Poles of the Silent Church set their lips a little tighter and waited.

The Richest & Poorest

"No one should leave this church without making a binding vow that, with God's grace, you will try from this moment on to be a better Christian . . . If you are not changed, the carols of Christmas Day will not proclaim the birth of the Savior of mankind, no matter how beautifully they may be sung. Instead, they will echo with the hollow sound of human hypocrisy and say only to a skeptical world, 'The so-called Incarnation is nothing but a sentimental fraud.'"

The 13th rector of one of the oldest and oddest Episcopal parishes in the U.S. was conducting the service with which he begins his church's Christmas season. Before him, in the brown Gothic interior familiar to tourists, sat a score of the clergy, his vestrymen, and 1,200 members of the seven congregations of New York City's Trinity Parish.

A Neat Package. A year after it was founded in 1697, under a grant of England's William III, Trinity Church was a little, unstepped frame building outside the city limits, at the head of a country road named Wall Street and on a lane called the Broad Way. Thus, like many another early New Yorker, Trinity got rich simply by sitting still on a piece of real estate. Trinity's balance sheets would be enough to give the average budget-bullied minister spots before the eyes. Though by 1825 the parish had given away two-thirds of its holdings to help found some 1,400 new churches, missions, hospitals and educational institutions (e.g., Columbia University), the remaining third yields a yearly income in seven figures.

But, for all their church's inherited wealth, few of the people of the parish wheel up to the church door in Cadillacs. They come by subway from Brooklyn and by 5¢ ferry from Staten Island. They journey by bus down Broadway, or from Jersey City through the mephitic Hudson Tubes. And those Manhattanites who can walk to Trinity's six chapels live for the most part in cold-water flats and housing developments, or in slums.

The chapels of Trinity make up a neat package of Manhattan.

ST. PAUL'S, at Broadway and Fulton Street, is the oldest public building in the city (Trinity itself has twice been rebuilt), and like its mother church attracts a mixture of local businessmen and



RECTOR HEUSS

More by vows than by carols.

tourists on weekdays, subway riders and society on Sundays. Like Trinity's celebrated churchyard, where lie Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton, St. Paul's also has historic associations; George Washington worshiped there when he was in New York.

ST. CORNELIUS THE CENTURION was established a century ago to serve the military post on Governor's Island. Today,



Andreas Feininger—Life

MANHATTAN'S TRINITY CHURCH
More by subway than by Cadillac.

Trinity is making an effort to provide St. Cornelius' military congregation with a church program as nearly like that of a civilian congregation as possible.

THE CHAPEL OF THE INTERCESSION, at Broadway and 155th Street, has for nearly a century served a solid, middle-class congregation which still numbers about 2,500, even though neighborhoods near by have deteriorated sufficiently to make it necessary for the police sometimes to provide special protection for members of the congregation. The Chapel of the Intercession, consecrated in 1914, was built by famed Architect Bertram Goodhue, who considered it his best work. In the adjoining cemetery lie Painter-Naturalist James Audubon and Poet Clement Clarke Moore, author of *A Visit from St. Nicholas*.

ST. LUKE'S, on Hudson Street in Greenwich Village, serves a 450-member congregation; its principal project is currently the building of a new parochial school to accommodate 200 students.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S and ST. CHRISTOPHER'S are two chapels on Manhattan's lower East Side. Here Irish, Italians and Jews are interlarded with Negroes and the newest New Yorkers of all—the Puerto Ricans. The mixture often leads to near-riots and misunderstandings with knives. In the midst of it, five ministers and a staff of 20 odd live and work according to two cardinal principles: 1) they must live with their parishioners; 2) the vicarage must be kept open day & night to anyone who comes for a meal or a lodging. Last summer a family of Buddhists from near-by Chinatown whose house had burned down spent three months at the vicarage.

The Rector. Presiding over this complicated parish, part church, part museum, part big business, sits red-haired Rector John Heuss, 45. High Churchman Heuss (rhymes with deuce) is well matched with traditionally high-church Trinity, where all 22 clerics on the staff are addressed as Father. His manner is dignified, yet easy; his administrative ability, his clean desk and smooth 15-minute-appointment schedule would do justice to the highest tycoon among his vestrymen. And he is also a sociologist in a parish that needs one.

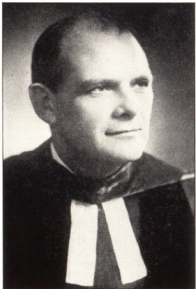
A sociologist, in fact, was what John Heuss planned to be when he was an undergraduate at St. Stephen's (now Bard) College in Annandale-on-Hudson. He decided to learn a bit more about the Christian influence on sociology, and took a six-month leave to study at Seabury-Western Theological Seminary in Evansville, Ill. The six months stretched to two years, and John Heuss became an Episcopal priest. In 1947 Heuss began to make a national name for himself as first chairman of the Episcopal Church's education program. Five years later, he received the call to Trinity.

Father Heuss, born in suburban Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., is painfully aware of how much of parish work lies in trying to undo the damage of the city itself. Says he: "Everything rubs rawer here. We must be healers in the midst of great hurt."

The Stated Clerk's View

Some congressional inquiries have revealed a distinct tendency to become inquisitions . . . Treason and dissent are being confused . . . Un-American attitudes toward ideas and books are becoming current . . . Let us always be ready to meet around a conference table with the rulers of Communist countries . . . In human conflicts, there can be no substitute for negotiation.

When these words and about 2,300 others like them appeared in a letter sent last month by the 26-member General Council of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (Northern) to its 8,000 congregations, many a shocked Presbyterian—and many a non-Presbyterian—took pen in hand to write his protest. Last week, at a conference of Protestant home mission leaders at Buck Hill Falls, Pa., the Rev. Dr. Eugene C. Blake, the Northern Pres-



PRESBYTERIAN CLERK

No substitute for negotiation.

byterian stated clerk (*i.e.*, No. 2 official), stood up to defend the letter and add a few words of his own on related subjects.

"At least one quarter to be watched by Protestants," said Dr. Blake, "is the plans and programs of the Roman Catholic hierarchy . . . Certainly the Protestant churches have much more important things to do than to resist Roman Catholicism . . . But surely Protestant leaders do have the responsibility to cast the spotlight upon all Roman Catholic hierarchy efforts to subvert American freedom . . .

"The Roman Church has been and still is industriously spreading the false propaganda that the only safe church, fully anti-Communist, is the Roman Church. The General Council letter does strike back at this Roman propaganda line, which has been extraordinarily successful even among Protestants in the face of the obvious facts that where the Roman Church is

dominant, you regularly find Communism stronger than where the free churches are dominant. Furthermore, this idea that only Roman Catholics can be trusted to be anti-Communist is having, on the authority of the *Christian Science Monitor*, some very dangerous results in the loyalty investigations in Washington . . .

"There is an anti-intellectualism widespread in America which tends to blur all distinctions except that of white and black . . . There is an attack, financially well supported, against our churches . . . The only source of this I will identify by name is that of the American Council of Christian Churches (*see below*), which can no longer be ignored when its lies and calumnies are picked up and used by Government agencies and others in this attack.

"Although I will not charge any others with actively attacking our churches, I do call to your attention the forces in our society which stand to benefit by the weakening of the Protestant free churches. First, the secular forces of totalitarianism, Communist and fascist, which hate the church which holds God, not man, is sovereign. Second, the religious forces, super-fundamentalist and anti-Protestant, which believe that they alone have full truth."

In Hollywood, the Rev. Carl McIntire, founder of the fundamentalist American Council of Christian Churches denounced by Dr. Blake, repeated his conviction that the main denominations in the National Council of Churches—Methodists, Northern Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Congregationalists—are being eaten away by Marxist and social-gospel teachings. His recommendation: "Christian people must immediately cease giving their money to support [these] denominations."

"Extravagant Devotion"

The *Church of England Newspaper* last week looked hard at Pope Pius XII's prayer to the Virgin Mary, composed for the opening of the Marian Year (*TIME*, Dec. 14), and found in it implications of "rank heresy."

What specially roused the Anglican weekly were such words of invocation as: "Enraptured by the splendor of your heavenly beauty . . . we cast ourselves into your arms . . . Convert the wicked, dry the tears of the afflicted and oppressed, comfort the poor and humble . . . protect the Holy Church."

Said the *Church of England Newspaper*: "This prayer transplants faith from Christ to the Virgin Mary . . . And what, we may legitimately ask, is left for the Holy Spirit? The Virgin Mary, apparently, displaces the Third Person of the Trinity as well as the Second."

Such "extravagant devotion" to Mary, the paper said, "is what might be expected of a church under the domination of a celibate hierarchy. The normal development of their personality through family life is forbidden them; they must perforce find a substitute to occupy the place a wife should have in their imagination."

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! (by Edward Chodorov) is an engaging comedy about the love affair between a middle-aged psychoanalyst (Franchot Tone) and a Freudian slip of a girl (Betsy von Furstenberg). On his wedding eve, Tone is disconcerted to learn from a new patient that his bride-to-be has a lurid past. A second patient, Anne Jackson, reveals that her embittered movie-star husband has decided to seduce Tone's fiancée to see if the analyst "can take it as well as dish it out."

Fortunately, Playwright Chodorov^{*} peoples his play with characters who are every bit as zany on their feet as they are woebegone on the analyst's couch. He has written some very funny lines ("The reason men and women can't get along is because they each want something completely different—the men want women, and the women want men") and invented, as well as borrowed, quite a lot of amusing stage business. Betsy von Furstenberg shines as the amoral Eve who wants to settle down without settling up; Hollywood's Gig Young persuasively proves that the breakdown of modern society began with Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, and Franchot Tone—though cut from pure theatrical cardboard—nevertheless acts with sufficient weight to hold the farce in place on the stage.

Handsomely mounted by William and Jean Eckart, the play is directed by its author with the same smooth competence shown in his script. Using a series of set pieces rather than a plot, Chodorov seldom penetrates very deeply into the causes of the war between the sexes, but he does illuminate, with good will as well as good humor, one of the minor skirmishes along that worldwide front line.

The Prescott Proposals (by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse) has a highly topical setting, one that is far more modern than its plot. Treating of the U.N.—and of Katharine Cornell as a U.S. delegate with proposals for enlarging "areas of agreement" between nations—the play fitfully uses a serious theme. But it is oftener a mere yarn that suspends seriousness in favor of suspense. The U.N.'s Czech delegate, who in happier days had been Delegate Cornell's lover, calls, out of confused personal emotions, at her house and promptly dies of a heart attack. Were the fact to leak out, the repercussions might wreck the Prescott Proposals.

There is, accordingly, the classic problem of how to get rid of a corpse; and thereafter, bites of U.N. thinking are washed down with draughts of unabashed theater. Only at the end do plot and theme rather floridly meet—when the Russian delegate, despite his Communist



TONE & VON FURSTENBERG
The war goes on.

conditioning, shows a human spark. That human spark, deep inside even Communists, is what Delegate Cornell feels can eventually save the world.

In *State of the Union*, Lindsay & Crouse once brightly mated politics and humor; they have been less successful matchmakers with politics and thrills. They have staunch allies in Actress Cornell and an able cast—including Felix Aylmer as the British delegate; they start off with a genuinely promising first act. After that, things tend to halt at times, and at others to go downhill. The play's serious side, too solemn for a suspense yarn, is too superficial for anything else. To keep really alive, the play should have clung like a leech to its corpse.



CORNELL & AYLMER
The spark still glows.

^{*} Playwright Edward (Wonder Boy, Kind Lady, Decision) Chodorov, 49, is often confused with his brother, Playwright Jerome (My Sister Eileen, Junior Miss, Wonderful Town) Chodorov, 42.

EDUCATION

"Lost Battalion"

The five oldest—four men and a woman—were not the sort to badger officials, but something had made them desperate. Last week they trooped into the office of Colorado's Governor Dan Thornton to present a special petition. "Governor," said one of the men, "I'll bet you a cowboy hat and a new pipe that you can't match this story any place in the U.S."

The petitioners had come on behalf of 18 retired professors from Colorado A & M. Their average age is 77.6, and they served on the faculty an average of 32 years. Among them, they have 21 advanced degrees, have headed the college's major departments, have written scores of articles and books. But each retired before either the state or the college had an adequate pension program. Since retirement, the 18 have been living on an average monthly annuity of \$60.25.

To make ends meet, the retired professors have been forced to take up odd jobs. One runs the local community-chest drive, another works for the Masons, still another serves as a part-time consultant to a big Colorado cattleman. The former head of the chemistry department has worked as a printer in a Fort Collins print shop, but to supplement his monthly \$37.14, his wife must baby-sit. Professor G. A. Schmidt, author of six textbooks on agriculture, has worked as an 804-an-hour land appraiser, and Entomologist Miriam A. Palmer, an expert on aphids, receives only \$39.97 a month after 48 years of service. Professor Burton O. Longyear, who founded the department of forestry, last year spent the last of his life's savings (\$5,000) on his wife's doctor's bills; now, at 85, he has nothing left to live on except \$46.73 a month.

Sad Miss Inga Allison, onetime dean of the home-economics division: "In our active years, we taught from 7:30 in the morning till 5 at night. We were the student-loan fund. We loaned our money without regard for whether we might get it back. We all made personal and financial sacrifices, and we did so gladly, because it was for the good of the school. Now, many of us won't be here long. We want to think that we can meet our last expenses out of our own resources. We don't want to be stripped down to our last cent before we die."

Said Governor Thornton: "These folks are a lost battalion." Something, he promised, would be done.

Go It Alone

Philosopher Marten ten Hoor of the University of Alabama is convinced that the U.S. has become a nation of busybodies. In the current *American Scholar*, Ten Hoor, Ph.D. from Michigan, makes a "plea for education for privacy . . .

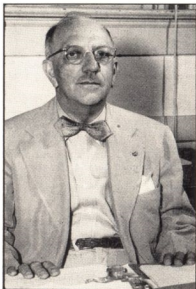
"Never in the history of the world," Ten Hoor says, "have there been so many people occupied with the improvement of so few . . . Never have there been so many

people making a good living by showing the other fellow how to make a better one." As an example, he points to "the tens of thousands of miscellaneous social-minded folks who attend conferences, workshops and institutes organized for the improvement of the human race . . . This is an era of undiscriminating allegiance to good causes . . ."

Expended Potential. Such allegiance, says Ten Hoor, may be worthy, but "I must confess that I view all this indiscriminate altruism with a jaundiced eye. It does seem to me that these days there are too many leaders and too few followers; too many preachers and too few sinners—self-conscious sinners, that is . . . Especially in a democracy, where everyone is more or less free to advocate schemes for the improvement of society, lively and self-confident minds are inclined to expend their intellectual and emotional po-

energy conscience. The dramatic specter of moral guilt is the principal character in many of the greatest creations of literary genius. No matter what the learned explanation, the psychological state is one of inner moral disharmony . . . It is a private affliction and must be cured privately . . . A vision of the good life the spirit must have; for devoid of it, the imagination is without moral perspective, conduct without guiding principles, and action without trustworthy habits . . ."

Says Ten Hoor: "He who is not educated for privacy is hardly fit to educate others . . . Without education for privacy, he will neither merit leadership nor learn to recognize it in others . . . That, according to my exegesis, is in this connection the meaning of the Biblical text: 'For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"



Langdon

ALABAMA'S TEN HOOR

Too many preachers, too few sinners.

tential on reform movements. The attention of the reformer is consequently drawn away from contemplation of the state of his own soul . . . How then can he be sure that he is the right person to prescribe for his neighbors? . . ."

Dramatic Specter. The first requirement of education for privacy is "to learn how to think—not out loud or in print, but privately. The thinker himself, not his neighbor, is to be the beneficiary . . . To possess one's soul in an intellectual sense means to have found some answer, or partial answer, to the questions: What is the nature of this world . . . what is my place in it, and what must be my attitude toward it? . . ."

"In education for privacy . . . there is equally urgent need for . . . the establishment and maintenance of moral harmony. From the days of primitive religion, through Greek tragedy, the Christian epic of sin and salvation, and modern psychology . . . there runs the theme of the un-

"What Justice Is Done?"

Ever since Harvard refused to fire party-line Physicist Wendell Furry, Senator Joe McCarthy has been furious. Last week he triumphantly announced that a bill is now being prepared to cut the tax exemption privileges of institutions that employ "Fifth Amendment Communists." For those who might favor such a bill, however, President Nathan Pusey had a few words to say in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

It is true, said Pusey, that four faculty-men may have been Communists. But "what justice is done to the really typical member of the Harvard faculty, to the 2,900 or more others who are our true representatives—including the men who invented the iron lung, those on whose researches in atomic energy . . . in radar and sonar . . . the late military effort so largely depended; Dr. Cohn and his fractionation of blood and all the lives saved because of his researches . . . or Harvard's six Nobel Prizewinners; and most important perhaps of all, the humanists whose efforts [bring] us into fresh awareness of new reaches of the human spirit? Are these men . . . not to count in the scales against the others?"

For Managers & Molders

When Dominican Father Felix Morlion first visited the U.S. in 1941, he did not think he would like it one bit. But to his own surprise, burly (6 ft. 1 in., 240 lbs.) Father Morlion, who had escaped from Belgium when the Germans took over, found himself enchanted. He began using such phrases as "shoot the works," learned to count his calories, and started studying U.S. political history. Gradually, he came to the conclusion that whereas "democracy has no philosophy in Europe, Americans have more philosophy than they know. We must do on a world basis what the founding fathers did in the U.S. To do this, we must study and then make a quiet revolution."

New Professions. Last week, in a four-story building in Rome, Father Morlion's revolution was going on apace under the name of the International University of

Social Studies, generally known by its motto, *Pro Deo*. To many an Italian academician it is a shocking place that bears no resemblance to a regular university at all. Nevertheless, *Pro Deo* has been growing at a rapid rate. In 1945 it had 80 students. Today it has a faculty of 90 and an enrollment of over 1,000.

The idea behind *Pro Deo* is to combine a thorough background in Christian philosophy with training in what Father Morlion calls the "new social professions"—journalism, the movies, business administration, labor relations. By concentrating on these, Father Morlion thinks, the university will be influencing the most active managers and molders of the future. As undergraduates, students move on from philosophy to economics, labor, and political science, can later specialize in their chosen careers. Their work is anything but orthodox: cinema students actually help



Simoncini

PRO DEO'S MORLION

Too many scholars, too few philosophers.

shoot Italian films; journalists work as legmen for Rome reporters.

Age of Reason. One of the few universities that has no government subsidy, *Pro Deo* is still able to afford such lecturers as Roberto Rossellini and U.S. Economist Peter Drucker. Students from 26 different countries have studied there, and gifts have come in from such far-flung sources as the family of the late Czech industrialist Thomas Bata and U.S. Cardinals Spellman and Stritch. Last week Father Morlion was making plans for a new institute of European studies. The man slated to take charge of it (on a part-time basis): Alcide de Gasperi.

To some critics, *Pro Deo* seems to experiment so fast that it cannot do anything well. But Father Morlion, 49, intends to go on experimenting. "We are," says he, "a baby university, barely at the age of reason. But in Rome, if you can establish something and keep it going for seven or eight years, it will last forever."

MUSIC

Together Again?

One of Composer Joseph Haydn's closest friends and sincerest admirers was a phrenology enthusiast named Carl Rosenbaum. Two nights after Haydn's funeral in 1809, Rosenbaum took a shovel, a lantern and a brace of helpers to the fresh grave. When he left, he carried Haydn's head under his arm. His purpose: to save the great man's cranium for the study and admiration of future phrenologists.

The deed was not discovered until eleven years later, when Prince Esterhazy, grandson of Haydn's patron, ordered the remains transferred to a finer tomb on the Esterhazy estate. The trail soon led to Rosenbaum, but the police turned his house upside down without finding the skull. (They did not, however, disturb Frau Rosenbaum, who, pleading illness, had taken the trophy to bed with her.)

Later, Prince Esterhazy offered a ransom for the skull. Rosenbaum solemnly sent a random substitute which was duly buried with Haydn's bones. The prince never paid the promised ransom, but Rosenbaum had the last laugh, confessed the fraud in pale glee on his deathbed. He passed the relic to a friend, with the request that it be placed eventually in the museum of Vienna's ultra-respectable Society of the Friends of Music. After long delays, the skull reached the museum in 1895, where it rests today in a glass case.

Since then, successive Esterhazy princes have tried everything from bribery to pleading to recover it. Most recent attempts: 1912, 1931, 1939 and 1948. Last week pressure on the Friends of Music by the Austrian Education Ministry apparently succeeded. If the present agreement holds till spring, the skull of the great composer will be reunited with his bones as a ceremonial event on the Esterhazy estate during the 1954 Haydn Festival.

Swing, with Harmonics

At the age of 28, a Montreal Negro named Oscar Peterson is one of the world's finest jazz pianists. As a touring star of the troupe called Jazz at the Philharmonic (TIME, March 2), he has fascinated audiences on three continents, won *Down Beat* magazine's "best piano player" poll four years in a row. Last week, at Los Angeles' Tiffany Club, he settled his huge (6 ft., 2 in., 250 lbs.) bulk on the bench, spread his long, spindly fingers over the keys, and gave his dotting audience a typical sample of piano à la Peterson.

Each tune, e.g., *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, began with a fast, straightforward version of the melody, then, after a few bars, swung into Peterson's impromptu variations—interlaced arabesques, rhythmical counterpoints, stream-of-consciousness insertions from other tunes—then back to the original melody. Throughout, Pianist Peterson accompanied himself with his own scat-singing, in the pauses mopped his sweating brow with

his handkerchief. Throughout, for all his jet-propelled tempos, his fingers frisked the keys with the precision of a hell-bent Horowitz.

Tatum for Fancies. Such mastery of the keyboard did not come easily to Oscar Peterson. His father, a music-loving porter on the Canadian Pacific Railway, sat him on a piano stool when he was five and told him to start practicing. From then on, whenever Papa Peterson left on his railroad trips, he laid out practice schedules. If the practicing was not done on his return, Oscar "caught hell." Oscar began to get professional engagements in his mid-teens, but his father never let applause and paychecks go to his son's head: "You're not going to take money for that, are you?" he would snort, whenever Oscar showed signs of undue pride.

Peterson found his own style only after



Gene Howard—Graphic House

PIANIST PETERSON

"I like to venture out."

studying others'. His first hero was Teddy Powell. Then he focused on Nat "King" Cole. Eventually, in 1939, he heard Art Tatum, the man Oscar calls "the greatest living instrumentalist of them all." Tatum's flying keyboard fancies knocked the budding Peterson completely off balance: "I couldn't play a note after hearing Art that first time. I gave up the piano for three weeks."

Chopin for Reach. Now thoroughly recovered from his temporary paralysis, he has gone a long way toward outdoing Tatum. One of his particular fancies is to blend in phrases from a completely different piece—such as snatches of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* in the middle of *My Fanny Valentine*. "I like to venture out," he says. "Like with *Funny Valentine*, it came to me that there was a similarity between those chords and Beethoven's. I ventured out. It worked."

"Don't get me wrong. Experimentation can go too far. But with all the experimenting that's going on these days, it

seems to me musicians are beginning to go back to one basic thing: it's got to swing. Of course it isn't the same swing, because it has progressed; it's swing with finer harmonics."

After he swings out of the Tiffany this week, Oscar will return to his family in Montreal. There he will spend four to seven hours a day practicing the classics. Why the classics? "I play Chopin because he gives you the reach. Scarlatti gives you the close fingering. Ravel and Debussy help you on those pretty, lush harmonics. Bach gives you the counterpoint."

New Records

Bach: Cello Suites Nos. 1 & 3 (Antonio Janigro; Westminster). Ingratifying performances of these rarely heard, unaccompanied works. Italian Cellist Janigro plays with refined pitch, sweetness of tone and devoted care.

Dubois: The Seven Last Words of Christ (Boston Choral, organ and soloists conducted by Willis Page; Cook). A major effort by a minor 19th century composer. The disk is notable chiefly for its remarkable sound reproduction, some stirring choral singing, and the beautiful soprano voice of Margo Stagliano. Available in binaural recording, too.

Françoise: Sérénade B-E-A (Pasquier Sextet; Esoteric). A perfumed, witty and impudent serenade in the Gallic manner. Its object is the praise of womankind, plus solution of a technical puzzle: the three letters of the title are its thematic notes.

Orff: Carmina Burana (Bavarian Radio Orchestra, chorus and soloists conducted by Eugen Jochum; Decca). In 1937 German Composer Carl Orff turned 25 medieval minstrel poems into a cantata about wine, women and springtime. The style is reminiscent of early Stravinsky, with its thudding rhythms, large masses of sound and uncomplicated message.

Schoenberg: Five Pieces for Orchestra (Chicago Symphony conducted by Rafael Kubelik; Mercury). A pre-twelve-tone work (1909) by a man who had already turned his back on Wagner and Debussy. The score, which seeks to suggest the shrugs and nudges of one man's subconscious, ranges from vaporous to terrifying. Performance: excellent.

Shostakovich: Concerto in C Minor (Victor Allier, piano; Mennie Klein, trumpet; Concert Arts String Orchestra conducted by Felix Slatkin; Capitol). A barrel of fun, vintage 1933. It turns pretentious phrases into taradiddles, uncovers one ear-tickling twist after another, and includes a slow movement that is unflinchingly melodious. Standout performance.

Other new records of note: **Bach's St. Matthew Passion**, played by a Viennese orchestra, chorus and soloists under the direction of Hermann Scherchen (Westminster, 4 LPs); all ten of Beethoven's **Violin & Piano Sonatas**, played by Violinist Joseph Fuchs and Pianist Artur Balsam (Decca, 5 LPs); Wagner's complete **Tristan and Isolde**, with Kirsten Flagstad, Ludwig Suthaus and the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler (Victor).

SPORT

4 to 1

When U.S. Davis Cup Captain Billy Talbert led his team to Australia this fall, he was feeling pretty chipper about U.S. chances. After all, he had the U.S. champion, Tony Trabert, 23, and the Wimbledon champion, Vic Seixas, 30—a nice blend of youth and experience. After his champions had been bounced out of a couple of Australian warmup tournaments, Captain Talbert stiffened his lip and switched to a “don’t-count-us-out” attitude. But confident Aussie bookies decided they had seen enough, counted out the Americans as 3-1 underdogs in the Davis Cup finals with Australia—assuming the Americans got past Belgium.

Last week, to add to Talbert’s woes just before the matches with Belgium, a Melbourne newspaper solemnly told its readers that the Americans were a champagne-guzzling bunch of happy-go-lucky nightclubbers who paid more attention to gin rummy than to tennis. Point by point, Talbert denied the charges, then posted an angry exhortation in the U.S. locker room: “Let’s go, boys. Let’s show ‘em.”

In the opening match against Belgium’s Philippe Washer, the U.S.’s Tony Trabert showed the Aussies a fine brand of tennis, won his match in straight sets. Against Belgium’s No. 2 player, Jacques Brichant, the U.S.’s Vic Seixas showed nothing but sloppy tennis and a bad case of jitters, beat himself badly in four sets. With the matches even at one apiece, Captain Talbert, a diabetic 35-year-old not even ranked in the U.S.’s first ten, made a bold decision. He withdrew Seixas from the doubles match and substituted himself. Teamed with Trabert, Billy Talbert, a formful stylist at his peak, bounded all over the court to help the U.S. win the vital doubles point. Next day, Seixas made a belated comeback, and the U.S. finally beat Belgium, 4-1. Four to one, as it happened, became the exact odds the Aussie bookmakers were now quoting against the Americans in the cup finals.

Basketball’s Little Big Shot

Dashing down the basketball court, dribbling the ball past the defense, the Boston Celtics’ Bob Cousy raced toward the basket. In the midst of a mid-air leap he palmed the ball in his ham-sized right hand, faked a pass, swung the ball behind his back into his left hand, then took his shot toward the basket—all before his feet touched the floor. The ball dropped through without even touching the rim, and the crowd of 13,837 in Manhattan’s Madison Square Garden broke into cheers. Most of them had come to watch Cousy perform. And for this kind of impromptu razzle-dazzle performance, Cousy makes a top National Basketball Association salary of \$20,000 a year.

As a gate attraction alone, Cousy is worth every penny of that to the Celtics and the N.B.A. Last week the N.B.A. began national telecasting of Saturday-

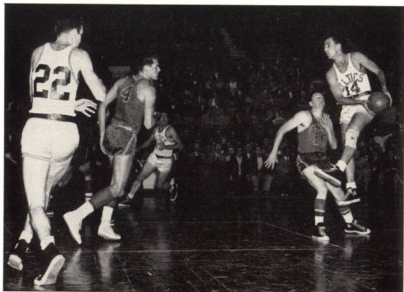
afternoon games over a 51-station hookup (Du Mont), and Cousy & Co. were the stars for the first three performances.

Fast & Loose. Though Cousy (rhymes with woozy) stands a slender 6 ft. 1 in., he is a small man among the outside players of professional basketball. Cousy makes up for his lack of size with cat-quick reflexes and spur-of-the-moment shots that are almost impossible to defend against. Lean and loose, he goes through muscular gyrations that would awe a contortionist. He is currently among the N.B.A.’s top scorers, the league leader in assists, and an agile defender against men half a foot taller.

Cousy’s ability is no accident. A run-of-the-mill player in New York’s high-school basketball circuit, Cousy set himself a

caused costly mistakes. Says Boston Coach Red Auerbach: “I had to get Bob to learn to fool the opposition without fooling his own team.” The solution: Auerbach benched Cousy, who hates to miss a minute of play, every time he made a mistake. But Cousy well knows that razzle-dazzle still has its uses in the pro game: “The game needs color . . . I’d stuff the ball down my throat if the situation called for it.”

Now that Cousy has also become a national television star, basketball fans all over the U.S. are getting a chance to judge his ability. How does he compare with the greats of the past and present? New York Knickerbocker Coach Joe Lapchick, one of the original famed Celtics, states flatly that “there never was and never will be as great a player as Cousy.” “To be great,” says Cousy, “you have to love what you’re doing—and I do.” And



BOSTON’S COUSY (No. 14) IN ACTION AGAINST FORT WAYNE
If necessary, down the throat.

James F. Coyne

goal as a 15-year-old: to become an All-America. Practicing overtime and all through the summer, he made the varsity at Long Island’s Andrew Jackson High School at 16. It is Cousy’s quiet boast that “I’ve never missed a game since.” The brag covers four years of varsity play at Holy Cross, where he won his All-America rating, and three years of play in the faster company of the pros. In all, it amounts to close to 500 consecutive games. Durable Cousy, now 25, figures that a careful training regimen, e.g., no smoking, no drinking, will let him play for another five years.

The Uses of Razzle-Dazzle. Until recently, Cousy’s career has been somewhat hindered as well as helped by his spectacular speed and fancy ball handling. As a high-scoring collegian (15.1 points average), he could carry the day by individual brilliance. As a pro, where the night-after-night competition is much tougher, Cousy’s fancy-dan passing sometimes

when he is too old for the pro game a few years from now? Cousy expects to make his living by running a summer camp in New Hampshire—with plenty of stress on basketball, naturally.”

Scoreboard

¶ In San Francisco, ex-Heavyweight Champion Ezzard Charles, 32, bidding for a comeback chance against Rocky Marciano next summer, scored an impressive tenth-round knockout of younger (by seven years) and heavier (by eleven pounds) Coley Wallace, the fighter who doubles for the hero in the movie *The Joe Louis Story*.

¶ In Washington, the University of Maryland received the Rev. J. Hugh O’Donnell Memorial Trophy for the No. 1 team in the U.S. from a representative of the No. 2 team. Warned Notre Dame Basketball Coach Bill Earley: “Next year we’re going to come right back here and try to take the championship away from you.”

ART

Presents from Grandma

(See Cover)

In the sunny front room of a trim ranch house in Upper New York State, a sprightly little old lady sat working one day last week, an array of paint tubes on the table in front of her. Through the window she could see the fallow corn and tomato fields falling away to the Hoosic River, which curves northwest toward the hamlet of Eagle Bridge (pop. 250). Sycamores edged the riverbank; the hills beyond were quilted with thick-ranked birch and maple trees and patches of frosty pasture land. Anna Mary Robertson Moses—better known around the globe as “Grandma Moses”—sketched in the line of distant hills on a piece of white-coated

The Oldtime Things. In the years since she first started painting these rosy visions of her imagination, Grandma Moses has earned a unique place in the hearts of millions, and in the history of American art. Her paintings (more than 1,500 by her own count) have been shown in more than 160 U.S. exhibitions, and in five one-man shows abroad. She is represented in nine American museums and in Vienna's State Gallery; hers is the only “Ecole Americaine” picture hanging in Paris' Museum of Modern Art. Grandma's originals—priced at \$150 to \$1,000 each—hang on the walls of such discriminating collectors as Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, Katharine Cornell and Thomas J. Watson. Reproductions of her work have entered thousands of less famed American homes,

Varnish & Hemlock. Last week Grandma was busily preparing for her own 94th Christmas. She had sent out some 400 cards, penning “Grandma Moses” on each with slow, even strokes of her gnarled hand. Most of her cards went to people who had sent her one the year before. She had carefully clipped the return address from each envelope, and saved it for this Christmas. Some of the cards she sent were reproductions of her paintings, but many were cheaper ones she bought at a church benefit. Grandma frugally cut in two the folding cards with pictures on both parts.

Grandma has decided to have a goose this Christmas, and of course a Christmas tree. One of her great-grandsons—probably eleven-year-old Tom—will go out and cut down a hemlock for her. On Christmas Eve, choral singers will come to her door, and Grandma will give them candy or prunes. Next morning she will have presents for all her 19 great-grandchildren—small trinkets she has saved over the year.

Thinking of Christmas always reminds Grandma of “the smell of hemlock and the smell of varnish,” Hemlock is for all the Christmas trees of years past; varnish is for the shining toys. Grandma's main present to her own children at Christmas was always an old hobbyhorse, repainted and left by Kris Kringle each year. Originally it had been dapple-grey, but it returned year after year repainted in all shades and hues.

In those days the Christmas tree was decorated with strings of popcorn and “cat-stairs” made of colored paper. Amidst the branches would shine a few oranges—a wonderful treasure. There would also be a knife, a comb, or a jew's-harp for the children, along with the hobbyhorse.

Hog-killing traditionally came just before Christmas, and that meant big, juicy spareribs and sausage cakes. “We used to tell people, ‘Come and see us during the Christmas.’ Why, we’d keep the table set with plates, ready for anybody to come in and eat, until New Year’s.” Says Grandma: “Christmas is not just one day.”

Back in the Meadows. Grandma's first Christmas was spent “back in the green meadows and wild woods on a farm in Washington County,” not far from her present home. She was one of ten children of a frugal farm family. Her ancestry was “Scotch, Irish, English, French and Indian, and,” says Grandma, “that’s a good combination, isn’t it?” She also takes gentle pride in the fact that one of her great-grandfathers fought in the American Revolution and left a powder horn with the inscription:

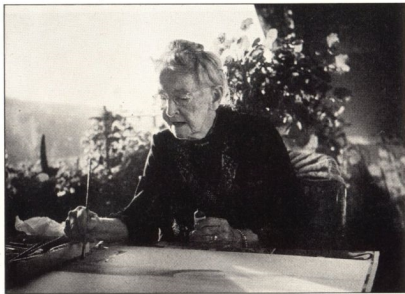
Hesekiah King,

Ticonderoga, Feb. 24th 1777

Steal not this horn for fear of shame

For on it is the owner's name.

Grandma's earliest artistic effort was painting paper dolls (with her mother's bluing for the eyes and grape juice for the lips) and making dresses for them of colored paper. One winter her father was



Kosti Ruohomaa—Black Star

GRANDMA MOSES AT WORK

Commemoration, celebration and thanks for the blessings of many years.

Masonite. Then she dipped her brush—worn down to the barest bristle—in a can lid of turpentine and rubbed it on the mouth of a tube of burnt umber.

Peering through her spectacles, chatting as she worked, she added some ungainly vertical strokes of brown in the right foreground, explaining: “This is a butternut tree. When I was a girl there was a butternut tree way down yonder by the river. I used to go down and gather the nuts.” She smeared green on the brush and began daubing in leaves. “This is what I like this brush for—you can make leaves so easy with it. Now I’ll put on some yellowish green, and whitish green, like you see on the undersides when the wind blows them.”

Pointing to the center of the panel, she announced: “There’ll be an old mill there, and I guess I’ll have some oxen goin’ to the mill with a load of grain.” Tapping her forehead, she added: “I can see the whole picture right here.”

along with Grandma Moses china, fabrics, tiles, and, most of all, Christmas cards. Altogether some 48 million of her cards have been sold in the U.S. Next year, for the first time, they will also be printed in Vienna and distributed in 15 European countries.

The secret of Grandma's success lies partly in her back-door approach to painting. Most painters make a great display of devoting their lives to art. Grandma Moses, who did not even think of painting seriously until she was 76, devotes her art to her life. It is commemoration, celebration and thanks for the blessings of her many fruitful years. The results (*opposite*) are as cheery, nostalgic yet common-sensical as Grandma herself. Says she: “I like to paint oldtime things—something real pretty. Most of them are daydreams, as it were.” Then she smiles and adds reflectively: “I will say that I have did remarkable for one of my years and experience.”



GRANDMA MOSES shows Upper New York State countryside at sparkling winter best in "Out for the Christmas Tree."

© Grandma Moses Properties, Inc., N.Y.C.

"CHRISTMAS AT HOME" is exuberant with the warmth of an oldtime family reunion at the year's happiest season.





To Mrs. Harris.
MOSES.

"SUGARING OFF," in this detail, shows grownups tapping maple trees, boiling down syrup and pouring it on snow to make maple sugar for children.

ill and passed the time painting a landscape around the walls of a room. Little Anna Mary "got into" the paints. She remembers making "some 'very pretty landscapes,' as my brothers said I called them," on scraps of slate, wood and glass. "Father would say, 'Oh, not so bad.' But Mother was more practical, thought that I could spend my time other ways."

Among the "other ways" were ordinary household chores, plus candlemaking, soapmaking and dressmaking. "Little girls did not go to school much in winter," Grandma recalls, "owing to the cold and not warm enough clothing." Therefore she got only "through the Sixth Reader."

The cold did not stop the children's play. Remembering those days in her autobiography,* she exulted: "Wintertime! When zero stands at 25 or 30, when we cannot deny the pleasure of skating till we have bumped heads, and bloody noses, and the ice is like glass. Oh what joy and pleasure as we get together, to go for the Christmas tree, what air castles we build as we slide down the hill, who can rebuild what we see on that Christmas tree. Oh, those days of childhood!"

To the Ridgepole. Even in those days, playing with her brothers, Grandma made a habit of excelling. "If they'd climb up a tree," she says, "I'd climb higher. They weren't goin' to outdo me. If they'd climb to the eaves of a house, I'd climb to the ridgepole."

Grandma's childhood was brief. "When twelve years of age," she recalls, "I left home to earn my own living as what then was called a hired girl. This was a grand education for me, in cooking, house keeping, in moralizing and mingling with the outside world." After 15 years of this education she met and married a farmland named Thomas Salmon Moses. She remembers, with the certainty of true love, that he was "a wonderful man, much better than I am."

In her autobiography, Grandma gives a memorable description of her wedding outfit: "A going-away costume of a very dark green dress, and jacket the same, a hat, the same, trimmed with a pink feather. The first thing I had on was a chemise, then my corsets, a corset waist, a pair of pantsies, a little flannel skirt, the bustle, a white skirt, then the dress. The dress was made with a skirt lining and wiggling stitched on up to the knees, and the dress cloth went over that, a long skirt reaching to the floor. Then an over-skirt over that, that reached the floor and was tucked up on the sides and the top. Long stockings, black, and high-buttoned shoes . . . Then I had a stiff high collar and white linen cuffs. My dress was all braided in the front, and the long jacket I wore, that was also braided. We bought the braid in patterns. My gloves were tan-colored, dot skin, they called them. And then, the ring."

Some Sit Down. "I believed when we started out," says Grandma, "that we were a team and I had to do as much as

my husband did, not like some girls, they sit down, and then somebody has to throw sugar at them."

With \$600 in savings, the young couple traveled south and rented a farm in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. In that valley, Grandma bore ten children and raised the five that survived birth. There, too, she supplemented the family income by making butter and potato chips (a novelty in those times) for sale to the neighbors.

After 18 years in the South, the Moses family moved north again to Eagle Bridge, N.Y. and began a dairy farm there. The children grew up and married. In 1927 Grandma's husband died.

Two of her sons had started nearby farms of their own; Grandma's youngest stayed on with her. The grandchildren, and then great-grandchildren, gave her increasing pleasure. She occupied herself



© Grandma Moses Properties, Inc.
ANNA MARY ON HER WEDDING DAY
He was a wonderful man.

with making worsted pictures (of yarn drawn through netting) until arthritis made handling the needle too difficult.

Says Grandma: "I used to wrap my hands up in scarves and lay them on a chair beside the bed, at night. I couldn't sleep on account of the aching, just like a toothache. Then, one night I got desperate, so I got up and hunted the doctor book, the 'Family Adviser, Philosophy of Diseases.' The best recipe was: 3 cups of sweet milk every day, and from 3 to 5 drops of turpentine in it. I took it for about three months, and all of a sudden there were no pains any more, but the hardness of the joints stayed."

"Shake, Shake, Shake." It was Grandma's sister Celestia who first suggested that painting might be fun for her. Grandma tried, and found it was. "I painted for pleasure, to keep busy and to pass the time away," she recalls, "but I thought no more of it than of doing fancy work."

When Grandma was finally persuaded

to send some of her pictures to a country fair, along with canned fruits and jam, her preserves won prizes but her paintings attracted little attention. Not long after, however, a drugstore in the nearby town of Hoosick Falls, N.Y. put some of her pictures in the window. There they were spotted by a Manhattan collector named Louis Caldor. He bought them all and began trying to interest New York art dealers in Grandma's work. Finally he tried the newly opened Galerie St. Etienne, run by a solemn Viennese expatriate named Otto Kallir, who fell hard for the pictures. Dealer Kallir put Grandma under contract, and her first big show, in 1940, lit the match to a bonfire of public enthusiasm which has been crackling brightly ever since.

Grandma's next show was held at Gimbels department store, which invited her down for the opening. Grandma had not been in Manhattan for years; she later described her visit: "Oh, it was shake hands, shake, shake, shake—and I wouldn't even know the people now. My, my, it was rush here, rush there, rush every other place—but I suppose I shouldn't say that because those people did go to so much bother to make my visit pleasant." A sizable audience gathered at Gimbels to hear Grandma talk about painting. Instead, she told them in detail how she made preserves, and concluded her talk by opening her handbag and showing a few samples. No one could possibly have invented an old lady more refreshing to a jaded urban public.

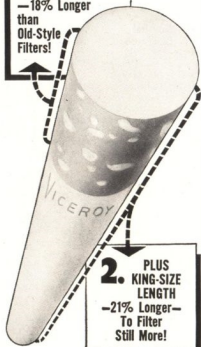
Doctor Without Cap. In the past dozen years, honors have been heaped upon Grandma Moses. Russell Sage College made her an honorary doctor of humane letters ("Only they didn't let me keep the cap"). She has been given the keys to the city of Albany. President Truman once presented her with an award ("I talked with him, and I could not think but that he was one of my own boys"). General Eisenhower sent her a card from Europe recognizing "For Grandma Moses, a real artist, from a rank amateur."

Professional critics have praised her just as warmly. Oddly enough, U.S. critics were, and still are, inclined to temper their praise with a touch of condescension. They note her obvious limitations of draftsmanship and range, and only then admit her ability to evoke atmosphere and create lively scenes. But the European reaction has been full-out. A Zurich critic speaks of her "magic spontaneity . . . completely unsentimental, and as untouchable as nature herself . . . a phenomenon of our times." Paris' *Arts* votes "thanks to Grandma Moses for the happiness she shows us." Vienna-born Otto Kallir flatly insists that Grandma is "one of the very great painters in America today." In his opinion she outranks even Henri Rousseau, the Paris customs inspector who was the first modern "primitive" painter to be revered by connoisseurs.

Realism Without Exactitude. Ever since Rousseau's sophisticated friends—Picasso, Braque & Co.—began promoting him at the turn of the century, primitive

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Kosti Ruohomaa—Black Star

GRANDMA & FAMILY
General Eisenhower sent a card.

art has been a subject of controversy. In the first place, few can agree on just what the word is meant to cover. Two things it always stands for are an untrained hand and a childlike eye. Primitives are would-be realists whose charm depends on their very inability to paint photographically accurate pictures. Most of them have trouble with figures (as does Grandma) and make a habit of cluttering their canvases with niggling details (as Grandma does not). Very few have Grandma's luminosity of color, and almost none can match her in creating an illusion of deep space.

Because of these qualities, Kallir believes that the word primitive does not apply to her. He urges "natural" as a substitute. Expert Sidney Janis (to whom she dedicated the painting on page 40) thinks "self-taught" a better word. Grandma herself is not worried about such intellectual distinctions. Grandma simply aims to please.

"As for publicity," says Grandma, "that I'm too old to care for now." The present-day realities of life amidst her family are still what matter most to her. Some 30-odd descendants and in-laws live nearby, and her eldest daughter, Winona, shares Grandma's house. The low, efficient, L-shaped structure—with picture windows, false shutters, garage and freezer—was put up for her by Grandma's son Forrest and two grandsons. They took the plan from a magazine illustration and finished building it two years ago.

Secluded Sunshine. At 93, Grandma still "makes a batch" of three or four pictures almost every week. She paints each day until she begins to tire: "Then I leave it to do something else; when my hand gets tired, it isn't so stiddy." Sometimes Grandma turns to television, "though it's gettin' to be monotonous,"

or more likely just chats with Winona. Grandma's hearing is perfect, and she says, "I love the gossip." Now & then she entertains her neighboring great-grandchildren who "come troopin' across the field, lookin' like Coxe's Army."

For breakfast and lunch she has coffee and oatmeal, "with lots of sugar—that's for vitality." Her dinners are hearty. "Good eatin' and good keepin'" is Grandma's recipe for health. At 10 o'clock Grandma is ready for bed: "The minute my head hits the pillow I'm dead to the world." She sleeps on an old leather tick under an electric blanket.

For her years, Grandma is in fabulously good fettle, though she does complain that her feet "get clumpy" when she walks. A neighboring doctor drops by twice a week just to keep tabs on her. When people tease her about his being a beau, Grandma points out that "he's 15 years younger than me." The doctor is round in the middle, and, says Grandma, "he wouldn't have such a pot on him if he'd just lay down on the floor and roll over like he did when he was three years old and I first knew him."

Grandma's great and utterly unexpected fame, coming at the close of such a long, useful life, pleases her mainly for the personal contacts it brings her, and bothers her only because it brings too many. A "Do Not Disturb" sign from a hotel room hangs outside her front door to ward off the thousands of tourists who besiege her sunny old age. Yet those who get past that printed plea find that Grandma's main interest, now as ever, is people. Recently a visitor asked the radiant little old lady of what she was proudest after her 93 years of life and labor. The answer could not have been more Christian, or more grandmotherly: "I've helped some people."



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SCIENCE

Speed Run

High above Muroc, Calif. last week, almost 50 years to the day since the Wright Brothers twirled their first pusher propeller, the Air Force's Major Charles E. ("Chuck") Yeager, 30, attained the highest known speed ever to be reached by pilot and plane. His rocket-powered aircraft (released from a B-29 bomber at 30,000 ft. for the run): the experimental Bell X-1A, a new relative of the X-1, with which Chuck Yeager first cracked the sound barrier in level flight (TIME, April 18, 1949). His speed: more than 1,600 m.p.h., $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the speed of sound.

Early American

In 1937 a University of New Mexico student chanced upon some provocative remains in a cave at Sandia, about 15 miles outside Albuquerque. His anthropology professor, Frank Cummings Hib-

bins: the tusk is 20,000 years old. By implication, so is Sandia Man.

This is twice as old as the proved age of his next-door neighbor, the primitive man from Folsom. Said Anthropologist Hibben: "This is not geological guesswork. It's an exact, mathematical method of dating. A great many skeptics did not believe man existed in the New World prior to 10,000 years ago. We now have incontrovertible proof."

Nature in New York

Manhattan Island is a veritable paradise for psychiatrists, phrenologists and social anthropologists, but serious students of nature usually ignore it. Naturalist William Beebe, 76, a native New Yorker, is an exception. Beebe, longtime director of tropical research at the New York Zoological Society, has had his share of far-ranging expeditions, from field trips up into the Himalayas to de-

hauled up 55 species of "deep-sea, drag-on-like beings."

On another occasion, Beebe trapped eleven "magnificent mink" in The Bronx, on the 262 roped-off acres of the Zoological Society's Bronx Zoo, and had the satisfaction of taking the skins to a downtown fur trader for manufacture into a fur piece. At different spots in the city, he has found all twelve of the great divisions of earthly life, including sponges, starfish, innumerable kinds of worms and the one-celled protozoa that stand at the beginnings of animal existence. Taking the air one night on his roof on West 67th Street, he saw a brace of wild black ducks tear past him on their way from Long Island to a safer place up the Hudson.

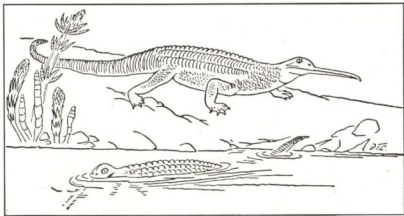
His most spectacular bird-watching tour was a night spent in the torch of the Statue of Liberty (by special permission of the city authorities). "Every few seconds," writes Beebe, "the sound of bird voices came from overhead; the peet-sweet of a sandpiper, the croak of perhaps a green heron, the thin notes of warblers..." After a night fog increased, birds began to dash against the statue, blinded by its light. The next morning, Beebe and a companion counted the bodies of 271.

Manhattan Grubber. As a naturalist with an educated imagination, Beebe finds himself constantly running into evidences of New York's glacial-age past. Where other sidewalk superintendents see only the ponderous antics of the power shovel, Beebe mentally catalogues the two-billion-year-old rocks of a new skyscraper's foundation. The city has also had its share of more individualized fossil remains: the tooth of a 500,000-year-old horse dug up near Ft. Schuyler in The Bronx, the tusk of a mastodon uncovered during the cutting of the Harlem River Ship Canal. New York's oldest known inhabitant, says Beebe, (and probably its first Jersey commuter) was a crocodile-like creature called the phytosaur, whose bones were found just across the Hudson River, on the Palisades. Its specific name: *Rutiodon manhattanensis*, freely translated as the Manhattan Grubber. Its estimated age: 200 million years.

On off-days from his work at the zoo, Beebe spends his time collecting eels' eggs, birds' eggs or minute bits of protoplasm. He recommends the practice to other New Yorkers who are curious about how life around them can develop. For those of more speculative mind, he offers a prophecy of New York's ultimate effacement when, thousands of years from now, the fifth glacial period begins its inevitable course.

Says Naturalist Beebe: "At last the enormous, pale green ice front of cliff, a half or a full mile in height, crunches and grinds its way... The houses, everything, crumble like clusters of twigs and pebbles. Last of all, if there could be any human eye to see, the age-old... stone itself is stirred, pushed from its bed, and like a great snowball, rolls slowly southward in the forefront of the glacier."

"Another ice age is on its way!"



Donald T. Carlisle

RUTIODON MANHATTANENSIS
Among the skyscrapers, a mastodon's tusk.

ben, examined the cave and got pretty excited himself. On the cave's lowest level, Hibben's party found fragments of the tusk of a Pleistocene mammoth, along with a few ancient flint spearheads.

Hibben thought the remains had been left by an ancient human hunter, who had dragged the beast's carcass into the cave. He christened him Sandia Man. He estimated that Sandia Man was of an even earlier generation than the 10,000-year-old Folsom Man, whose traces were first found in Folsom, N.Mex. in 1925—and, later, on a higher level of Sandia Cave. But other scientists treated the findings with skepticism. There was no proof, they said, that Folsom Man had any ancestors on the American continent.

Last week Hibben got some strong support. At his request, University of Michigan scientists had put the tusk fragments through their new radioactive carbon dating apparatus. This machinery, with the help of a Geiger counter, samples the amount of Carbon 14 in the tested material, assessing its age by the number of counts it makes. Their find-

scent half a mile below sea level in his bathysphere. But he has also filled many a notebook with material found in his own back streets. His newest book, *Unseen Life of New York* (Duell-Little; \$4), is a once-over-lightly of the natural life that peeks out around, above and below Manhattan's skyscrapers.

Bronx Mink. Author Beebe admits that the concrete sidewalks and smog-filled air have done more damage to New York's bird and animal population than organized battalions of hunters.* Only five or six kinds of birds now nest in Manhattan's Central Park, which 50 years ago harbored 60 different species. But there remain, within the city and its environs, 15,000 varieties of insects. There are 260 varieties of fish in neighboring municipal waters above the 25-fathom mark. Once, from a boat anchored due southeast of the Statue of Liberty, Beebe

* Last week two duck hunters, survivors of a harder era, were fined \$5 apiece for shooting ducks within New York City limits.

THE PRESS

Direct from the President

Ever since presidential press conferences were put on a regular basis by Woodrow Wilson, reporters have been hampered by some form of restriction preventing them from quoting the President directly. There was good reason for the precaution. It helped protect the President from slips of the tongue that might later embarrass him or the U.S. During the Roosevelt Administration, a standard rule was put into effect that was followed for more than 20 years: newsmen may paraphrase what the President says, but may not quote him directly. Last week the rule was changed. Press Secretary James C. Hagerty announced that all of last week's conference (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) could be broadcast from the official tape recording. The ruling meant reporters could quote Ike directly in stories.

Hagerty, who in the past has occasionally given permission for brief portions of the press conference to be quoted directly, made it clear that not every press conference would be treated that way in the future. But "from time to time," he said, such permission would be granted. In practice, Hagerty will presumably decide after every conference whether direct quotation is advisable. This may create problems for wire services and papers that have already put out stories paraphrasing the President. They will have to revise their stories into direct quotes if Hagerty decides to allow broadcasts of the conference. But Hagerty, who is convinced the Administration should make better use of radio and TV, is likely to give permission often.

Many newsmen, especially those working for radio and TV, hailed the new ruling as a step in the direction of bringing the President in closer touch with the people, hoped that soon the conferences could be filmed for TV. But others deplored it as a move toward nullifying the value of the press conference by turning it into a show. Said the New York Times: "The widest dissemination of news is all to the good. [But] there is the danger that the participants will become mere actors in a gigantic show, and that goes both for newspapermen who ask the questions and the President who answers them."

Place at the Top

It is no secret in magazine publishing that Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. (*Collier's*, *American Magazine*, *Woman's Home Companion*) is in trouble. Once one of the most successful magazine publishers in the U.S., the company slipped from net earnings of \$6,500,000 in 1946 to a mere \$76,000 in 1952, lowest earnings of any major U.S. publishing company. This year Crowell-Collier, with all its magazines losing money and only its book department in the black, will have the worst year in the company's history. Estimated 1953 losses: between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. Five months ago, as the first step in a radical recovery program, the company



Frank J. Gillion Agency

CROWELL-COLLIER'S SMITH
He hopes to turn around.

changed over its biggest troublemaker, *Collier's*, from a weekly into a biweekly (TIME, May 18), thereby headed off company losses that might have reached \$12 million by year's end.

This week Crowell-Collier took the second big step in its recovery program. Into the president's chair went Paul Smith, 45, to replace Clarence Stouch, 62, who is stepping up to chairman of the board. New President Smith came to Crowell-Collier as a vice president eight months ago from San Francisco, where he had



Tommy Weber

HERALD TRIBUNE'S PADDLEFORD
She prefers a pixie umbrella.

bossed the *Chronicle* for 17 years. At \$40,000-plus a year, Smith was given the assignment of roaming the company to see where it needed his journalistic talents until Crowell-Collier finally decided that the best place for him was at the top. Smith, a congenital optimist, once known as the "wonder boy of U.S. journalism," is not a bit fazed by taking over the presidency of Crowell-Collier. He thinks *Collier's* change-over to a biweekly can bring it into the black again by the end of 1954, sees signs that the other magazines are also turning a corner. Says he: "I think we have going on what may be one of the great turn-arounds in publishing history. If that happens, I may be able to hold on to my job."

Columnist at the Table

*For a sensitive approach to food
This writer is the smartest
For Clementine's not merely good
She's both gourmet and artist.*

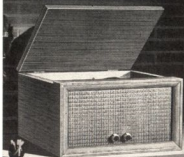
Such outbursts of approval as this one in the letters column of the New York *Herald Tribune* last week are not at all unusual for the *Trib's* Food Editor Clementine Paddleford. Her daily *Trib* columns and Sunday column in *This Week* (circ. 10,638,00) have brought in thousands of letters (one-third of them from men), and made her the best-known food editor in the U.S. "Nobody writes about food," says Claudius Philippe, food boss of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, "with more enthusiasm and literary quality."

In her column, a new dish is seldom simply "good"; instead, when it was put before her, "a happy little moan escaped the lips." She can embellish even the fluffiest soufflé with her brandied prose: "It came perfumed of the hot sugared fruit and toned with the magic of some liqueur . . . The waiter's spoon dipped in, and the soufflé responded with a rapturous, half-hushed sigh as it settled softly to melt and vanish in a moment like smoke or a dream."

Apple Perfume. Sampling soufflés in fancy restaurants (where she pays her own way) is only part of Clem's work. She spends long hours in food markets, has been to maple-sugar-on-snow parties in New England, road-tested barbecue stands in Texas, gone sardine fishing off the coast of Maine, reported Danish markets, shopped Les Halles in Paris, donned a sou'wester at 3:30 a.m. to see how mackerel are caught off Long Island. She sometimes lades out such unembellished advice as "remember lamb breast and shank today" or "snap beans are a vegetable buy," and always provides basic food facts on price, quality, recipes and tastes for everyone from the meat-and-potato man to the high-living gourmet. But mushrooms are not just mushrooms in her column, they are likely to be "pixie umbrellas" or the "elf of plants," and she discovers apples "with flesh so fragrant . . . they can perfume a dining room."

Columnist Paddleford, who can smell a food story behind any big news, toured England at coronation time ("Flouids are

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with **LIVER!**



CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLLIN—Stops Doggy Odors

hissing, greases are sputtering . . . foods are en masse, the raw and the cooked awaiting the administering hands of the experts"). traveled to Fulton, Mo. in 1946 to hear Churchill's famous Iron Curtain speech (where she interviewed a grocer who said that there were so many dinners given in honor of the event that he sold "enough parsley to decorate the gymnasium"). One New Year's Day, she appropriately headed a column "Some Morning-After Cures" (samples: twelve dashes of Angostura bitters in a glass of soda, a whisky sour, stay in bed and drink the juice from canned tomatoes, or—for a real bad hangover—an extra-dry Martini).

Wiggle in the Tail. Born on a farm in Kansas, she majored in journalism at Kansas State College, worked as a staffer on *Farm & Fireside* before going to the *Trib* 17 years ago. Ever since, Columnist Paddelford has been writing for the *Trib* six times a week, has never missed a working day, and now makes around \$30,000 a year. Her hard-working day starts every morning at 5:30 a.m., when she makes out a daily schedule for herself, often beginning with an early-morning stop at the food markets. At her East Side Manhattan apartment (where the maid does almost all the cooking), she stocks 3,000 cookbooks, keeps ten filing cabinets full of notes ("If I'm writing on blueberries. I look into my file. Robert Frost. If I want to quote, I can quote"), is now working to complete a book of her own titled *How America Eats*. Clementine knows the subject well because she often jumps around the country, poking into other people's kitchens, writing about everyone from a sausage stuffer to the late Mrs. Henry Ford (in an article on her "Model T cookies"). Her office at the *Trib*, next door to the testing kitchen, is stuffed with all kinds of sample foods from German wild boar roast, smoked shrimp paste and bite-size saltless matzoh to dehydrated soups and lobster royal ("cooked with a wiggle in its tail").

She scrawls her column in longhand that only her secretary can read, usually rewrites her *This Week* column five or six times. Clem speaks in a hoarse whisper as a result of an operation in which part of her larynx and vocal cords were removed 20 years ago (it took her a year to learn to talk again). In her summer home in Redding, Conn., she likes to cook in the open fireplace over the coals. "I think I cook a nice meal," she says modestly, prefers simple curries, baked beans and brown bread, spaghetti. One night a week at New York University, she studies aerial navigation, has soloed an Aeronca but has still to get her pilot's license. On the ground, in the kitchens of the U.S., she has no trouble finding her way around. "American tastes," says Clem, "are moving toward greater simplicity. Now one really good dish plus a good vegetable and a salad makes a dinner. Salads have come into great popularity—there's hardly a meal without them." To make a salad is simple. Take a radish, not just an ordinary radish "but a tiny radish of the passionate scarlet, tipped modestly in white . . ."

MILESTONES

Married. Gordon Evans Dean, 47, who retired last June after almost three years as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission to become an executive of Lehman Bros., Manhattan investment bankers; and Mary Benton Gore, 33, daughter of a Washington real estate man and cousin of Tennessee's Senator Albert Gore; he for the second time (his first marriage ended in divorce in September), she for the first; in Potomac, Md.

Died. Rebecca ("Becky") Buhay, 57, one of the founders of Canada's Workers' (Communist) Party in 1922; of cancer; in Toronto. When the government temporarily outlawed the party in 1940 for opposing the war effort, Becky Buhay went underground, and in 1943 emerged to help reorganize 18,000 Canadian Communists under a new alias: the Labor-Progressive Party (current membership: 10,000).

Died. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, 57, Pulitzer Prizewinning novelist of backwoods Florida (*The Yearling*, *Golden Apples*); of a cerebral hemorrhage; in St. Augustine, Fla. For ten years, hopeful Author Rawlings worked on newspapers, potboiled syndicated verse, wrote (but seldom sold) short stories. In 1928 she settled in Florida's remote swamp country, three years later won a *Scribner's* novelette contest, turned out two popular novels before *The Yearling* (1938) won her fame and a fortune in royalties. In 1942 she accurately recorded the manners & morals of her adopted neighbors (*Cross Creek*), when death came was hard at work on a biography of Virginia Novelist Ellen Glasgow.

Died. Edward Grant ("Ed") Barrow, 85, longtime business manager (1920-39) and president (1939-45) of baseball's pennant-winning New York Yankees; of cancer; in Port Chester, N.Y. Barred from a career as a pitcher after he strained his arm, he tried running a hotel, selling hot dogs in ballparks, peddling soap, before he went back to baseball. As manager of the Boston Red Sox (1919), he converted Southpaw Pitcher Babe Ruth into an outfielder to give him more turns at bat, and (with Ruth) moved to New York. By deals, trades and good scouting, Ed Barrow provided the Yankees with a constant flow of fresh talent (e.g., Waite Hoyt, Charley Keller, Joe DiMaggio), built teams that won 14 pennants, ten world championships during his 25-year reign.

Died. Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, 85, Nobel Prizewinning physicist (1923), longtime head of California Institute of Technology (1921-46); in San Marino, Calif. Physicist Millikan isolated the electron and measured its charge (for which he got the Nobel Prize), investigated the character and origin of cosmic rays. Deeply religious, he never doubted that "the Creator is still on the job."



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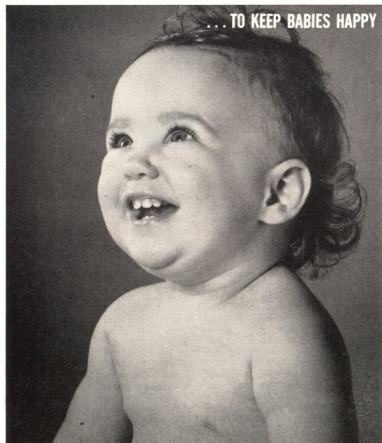
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Trouble in Detroit

The gloom that has encompassed auto dealers around the country for several months settled in Detroit last week. This time it was not just the independents who were being hurt. Chrysler Corp., hard hit by the slow cleanup sale of its 1953 cars, laid off some 9,200 workers. Nash has already announced an eight-day shutdown to help dealers trim inventories; Studebaker is shut down until early next month; Hudson and Packard cut their work forces. Still unaffected are General Motors and Ford Motor Co., both of which are planning higher output of their cars in the first quarter of 1954 than in the same period of 1953. The Ford-Chevrolet race for supremacy appeared to be starting its second lap, and Buick, planning a 10% increase, was gunning for Plymouth's third position.

What worried automakers most was the fact that price-shaved 1953 cars were competing with new models on many showroom floors. Two months after the 1954 Dodges came out, dealers still had new 1953 Dodges on hand. Total number of unsold new cars in dealers' hands on Nov. 20 was 559,000, highest in history for that time of year. Unless most of those are sold, the auto industry will fall short of its expected sale of 6,000,000 cars in 1953; even worse, it might slow down sales of 1954 models next year.

Back to Work

The United Auto Workers (C.I.O.) sent its strikers back to work at North American Aviation, Inc. last week with the bitter taste of defeat in their mouths. The union had little choice but to accept what was essentially North American's original contract offer. About 48% of the 33,000 employees had gone back to work voluntarily, and the strike was a failure. More than 100 planes had come off the lines during the 53-day strike, and the company was in good enough financial position to boost its stock dividend to \$1 v. 75¢ in 1953's corresponding period.

Under North American's terms, the U.A.W. gets a flat 4% pay boost (averaging 8¢ an hour), plus some fringe benefits. (Douglas and Lockheed had made slightly smaller wage settlements with the A.F.L. International Association of Machinists since the strike started.) But beyond that, the union had little to cheer about. North American's workers had lost \$16.3 million in paychecks during the strike, an average of \$675 a man.

Strike Leader Paul Schrade, president of Local 887, put the blame for the U.A.W.'s defeat on the Government's strict "hands-off" policy. Actually, the Administration's policy was nothing more than a return to the old idea of collective bargaining in which labor and management are left to work out their problems without meddling by Government.

CORPORATIONS

5 Billion Time Signals

Arde Bulova, whose company sells more jeweled watches than any other in the U.S., was wound up like a mainspring. It was the middle of his busiest season. And the Justice Department, looking into the American watch industry's dealings with the Swiss cartel, had made what he thought was an unreasonable request. It had asked Bulova, along with other U.S. watch companies, to turn over hundreds of documents concerning their business, and had set a deadline for last week. Said Arde Bulova: "I wanted to answer them very briefly and simply: 'Don't bother



Tommy Weber

WATCHMAKER BULOVA
He knows what time it is.

me.' But our attorneys told me we had to comply with the subpoena."

Bulova Watch Co. makes no secret of the fact that it does business with a cartel. Like other U.S. watchmakers who import Swiss movements, it has to; the Swiss passed a law in 1951 cartelizing their entire watch industry. Since 86% of all jewel movements sold in this country come from Switzerland (about 70% of Bulova's do), virtually every U.S. maker deals with the cartel. In doing so, the industry knuckles under to a tightly closed shop. The Swiss dictate how much watches are to be sold for, where they may be sold, and how many a manufacturer may have. Furthermore, they limit the use of watchmaking machinery bought in Switzerland—if a watchmaker is lucky enough to be permitted to buy it.

One reason why nobody has ever broken the cartel is that nobody has been able to compete with the Swiss in price. The cartel puts a tag of \$4 on a 17-jewel movement; the U.S. tariff adds another

\$2.10. To make a 17-jewel movement in the U.S. costs \$10.50. Higher duties narrow the price spread for 21-jewel movements. Therefore Bulova, biggest of the importers, has been forced into making only 21-jewel movements in the U.S. Although Bulova is the biggest U.S. manufacturer of jeweled watches, its production, along with the rest of the U.S. industry, has been dropping in the face of tough Swiss competition. Bulova now turns out almost a third of the estimated 1,700,000 jewel movements produced in the U.S., as well as watch casings for all the movements it imports.

Unceasing Repetition. Arde Bulova has worked out his own method of doing business with the cartel with one hand, and competing with it with the other. In Switzerland, where his company has a plant, he had to join the cartel; in the U.S., he has kept on top in a business noted for freewheeling competition.

Bulova started in the watch business in the Manhattan jewelry shop run by his father, an immigrant who learned the watchmaking craft in Czechoslovakia. Later, while the Swiss still depended mostly on handwork, Bulova expanded mass-production methods in the U.S., introduced more standard and interchangeable parts. These innovations, plus aggressive advertising and sales promotion, masterminded by President John H. Ballard (Bulova is board chairman), were mainly responsible for lifting Bulova into its leading position among U.S. watchmakers.

Back in 1927, when radio was still young, Ballard began buying radio spot announcements, made the name Bulova synonymous with watches by dining "Bulova Watch Time" into American ears. An estimated 5 billion times in 26 years, Bulova's sales have climbed from about \$4,700,000 in 1927 to more than \$60 million in the last fiscal year (ending March 31), when the net profit was \$2,684,648.

Unobstructed View. The only executive who has been with the firm longer than Ballard (who began as an office boy in 1909) is Bulova himself. A man of strong opinions, he likes to impress his own ideas on anyone who works with him. At his luxurious home in Stamford, Conn., he designed an outdoor swimming pool with a rollback dome, so that it could be enclosed and heated in the winter. When he became interested in helping wounded veterans, he went about it in his own way. He built a \$1,000,000 school at Woodside, N.Y. to teach watchmaking; since many of the students were paraplegics, he equipped the building with ramps and doors that opened by electric eyes. All graduates (435 to date) are placed in jobs in their home towns, unless they choose to go into business for themselves.

Sure of his likes, Bulova will occasionally admit that he is wrong. Because he admired the design of the Washington Federal Reserve Building, he used it as a small-scale model for his new \$10 million

TIME CLOCK

plant near New York City's La Guardia Airport. The building's showpiece was a lobby designed like a planetarium, and at night, nearly 7,000 stars twinkled from its ceiling in a perfect replica of the Northern Sky. But when Bulova saw it during the day, he thought it looked ugly, so he turned out and replaced with Plexiglas.

Impossible Competition. By devising better methods and designing better machines, Bulova has increased productive efficiency by a third since 1941. During the war, Bulova's machines and skilled workers switched 100% to defense, turning out such intricate parts as timing devices and fuses. Now that electronics are beginning to replace clockwork mechanisms, Bulova's research subsidiary, under General Omar Bradley, is moving into that field, while working to keep watchmaking skills alive. Bulova recently started operating a Government-built plant at Rolla, N. Dak., the only one in the U.S. to teach Chippewa Indians to make jewel bearings (synthetic sapphires) for watches and defense products.

But Bulova knows that better machines alone are not enough to compete with the Swiss. Because watch parts are so minuscule (.25, .50, 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 13.00, 14.00, 15.00, 16.00, 17.00, 18.00, 19.00, 20.00, 21.00, 22.00, 23.00, 24.00, 25.00, 26.00, 27.00, 28.00, 29.00, 30.00, 31.00, 32.00, 33.00, 34.00, 35.00, 36.00, 37.00, 38.00, 39.00, 40.00, 41.00, 42.00, 43.00, 44.00, 45.00, 46.00, 47.00, 48.00, 49.00, 50.00, 51.00, 52.00, 53.00, 54.00, 55.00, 56.00, 57.00, 58.00, 59.00, 60.00, 61.00, 62.00, 63.00, 64.00, 65.00, 66.00, 67.00, 68.00, 69.00, 70.00, 71.00, 72.00, 73.00, 74.00, 75.00, 76.00, 77.00, 78.00, 79.00, 80.00, 81.00, 82.00, 83.00, 84.00, 85.00, 86.00, 87.00, 88.00, 89.00, 90.00, 91.00, 92.00, 93.00, 94.00, 95.00, 96.00, 97.00, 98.00, 99.00, 100.00), watchmaking still requires skilled handwork. The women who do the job average about \$70 a week, vs. about \$18 for similar work in Switzerland.

For that reason, Bulova thinks the Justice Department will come a cropper in its efforts against the Swiss cartel. Says he: "They can't do anything about the situation. Sure, the Swiss watchmaking industry is a cartel. But the Justice Department can only take steps where free competition in the U.S. is interfered with. There is no cartel here."

COMMODITIES

Supports for Cotton

Looking at their heavy surplus four months ago, U.S. wheat farmers voted to let the government set strict quotas on their 1954 crop (TIME, Aug. 24). Last week it was the cotton farmer's turn to vote on acceptance of quotas and 90% parity, or reject them and get only a 50% parity price prop. The result: a record 94% vote for quotas and price props, well over the two-thirds needed.

INDUSTRY

The Color Gamble

Out from Washington last week flashed the news that the TV industry has been waiting to hear. After several years of hearings, the Federal Communications Commission finally gave the go-ahead to the industry's new compatible color-TV system (TIME, Oct. 26). Within minutes of the FCC decision, the big networks were on the air with color programs; both NBC and CBS announced plans to start beaming regular programs soon. Among

SIGNING of a "no-raiding" pact this week by the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. presidents does not necessarily mean union peace. C.I.O. chiefs claim they have agreed to sign on the condition that their opposite numbers in the A.F.L. sign also. In many cases this means Dave Beck and his big (1,000,000 members) Teamsters Union. But Beck has no intention of signing in a hurry, may never sign.

FIRST new offshore oil field to be tapped since the tidelands were turned over to the states has been found at Newport Beach, near Los Angeles. Humble Oil & Refining Co. and Monterey Oil Co. have brought in their first well in this field, 1,200 ft. offshore and 4,445 ft. down, are pumping 250 barrels a day.

FROM now on stockholders will be able to trade on the New York Stock Exchange three more days a year. The Board of Governors has voted to stay open on Lincoln's Birthday, Columbus Day, and Armistice Day for the first time in decades.

F. H. Peavey & Co. of Minneapolis, a top U.S. grain-storage and flour firm, surprised the industry by advertising to buy control of a big producing company. In newspaper ads, Peavey announced that it would pay \$36 a share (v. \$20.12½ market price) for 165,000 shares (about 70%) of the outstanding common stock of Russell-Miller Milling Co., fourth biggest flour producer. If the deal goes through, Peavey will become the third largest U.S. flour firm, topped only by General Mills and Pillsbury Mills.

BRITAIN'S English Electric Co. Ltd., designers and manufacturers of the twin-jet Canberra bomber being built under license in the U.S. by Glenn L. Martin Co., landed its second big U.S. hydroelectric contract in a year. The company, which previously won an order for transformers for the Chief Joseph Dam in Washington, underbid four U.S. firms for two generators for the new McNary Dam on the Columbia River.

the first: *Amahl and the Night Visitors* on Christmas Day, the Rose Bowl Parade on Jan. 1.

The set manufacturers were less enthusiastic. Though TV fans will be able to watch color programs in black & white on their current sets, it may be years before most Americans see color TV.

Known Problems. The set-manufacturing industry has been trying to bring color along as carefully as possible, and no one wants to rush into production without first testing the ground ahead. Three years ago, when FCC approved CBS's whirling-disk system of color TV, the industry shied away because it was noncompatible, i.e., it couldn't be seen on black & white sets. Manufacturers refused to make sets, and CBS was glad to drop the project when the Korean war put re-

The bid: \$3,651,476, some \$600,000 under that of the nearest U.S. competitor, General Electric.

CANADIAN-U.S. trade will probably hit an all-time high this year with \$4.3 billion worth of goods already exchanged in the first nine months of 1953. Exports to Canada are up \$246 million (to \$2.5 billion), imports up \$104 million (to \$1.8 billion) over the same period in 1952.

GUIDED missiles in the U.S. are ten years behind the rest of the world, says Lieut. General William E. Kepner, a World War II air commander and now executive vice president of Bell Aircraft Corp. "The designs for our guided-missile systems were on German drafting boards at least ten years ago. They have also been on Russian drafting boards. We are hurrying to catch up, and I hope we can."

GENERAL Shoe Corp. of Nashville, Tenn., which sold \$111 million worth of shoes last year, has entered the high-priced women's field by buying Manhattan's \$10 million I. Miller & Sons, Inc. The deal: an exchange of General Shoe stock for I. Miller stock. I. Miller will continue to operate as a separate company.

PAN American World Airways will start regular tourist flights from the Midwest to Europe next year with biweekly service from Chicago and Detroit to London, weekly flights from the two cities to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Hamburg. Pan American has had CAB permission for such flights for years, but only now thinks there is enough traffic to make regular service profitable.

DEFENSE Secretary Charles E. Wilson has changed his mind about how much the armed forces can compete with private business. Though he recently said that it was all right for the services to process their own iron and steel scrap, he has issued a new directive telling them to stop all business activity that private firms can do just as well.

strictions on color-set manufacture. The industry set up a National Television System Committee headed by General Electric Vice President Dr. Walter R. G. Baker, and put it to work finding a better system. The result is the current color system, which is built around an all-electronic tube and is fully compatible with black & white receivers. Furthermore, the industry committee has set up a whole series of standards for compatible color. Thus, the door is wide open for any and all tubemakers to come in with new and better color tubes.

Color TV in 1954 will be nothing more than a sample. Says Committee Chairman Baker: "It may be years before mass production is achieved." Baker estimates the figure for 1954 at about 75,000 sets; some other TV experts say 150,000, but all

SOCIAL SECURITY

The Why of the Tax Increase

ON Jan. 1, the deduction for social security from pay envelopes will increase automatically from 1½% to 2% of the first \$3,600 in wages—to be matched, as is now the case, by employers. Whether this increase should be rescinded may be the first order of business before Congress. Since President Eisenhower has once asked Congress to freeze the rate at 1½% until Jan. 1, 1955, he may do so again.

The main Republican argument for postponing the rise is political. (The boost, once scheduled to go into effect in 1943, was postponed after a fight led by the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg.) Some Republican Congressmen argue that the 10% cut in income taxes on Jan. 1 will be more than offset for workers in low tax brackets by the larger social-security payment. Actually, this is a weak argument. At the new rate, unmarried workers will get less take-home pay only if their taxable incomes are under \$800 a year; married couples without dependents only if their income is less than \$1,500, and families with two dependents if they make \$3,000 or less. At most, the loss in take-home pay will be \$12.50 a year. But some Congressmen are pushing for the freeze anyway, thinking it good politics in an election year.

This is questionable, especially since such an old hand as Dan Reed, chairman of the powerful House Ways & Means Committee, is dead set against a freeze. He believes that if Americans want social security, they ought to pay for it. (The hike would also mean more revenue for the Government, and a smaller cash deficit next year.) Furthermore, unlike most taxes, those who will pay for the boost are solidly for it. Labor and employers, most of whose pension plans are tied to social-security payments, fear that unless social-security income is stepped up, benefits will suffer. While the social-security system is still young, the Government is piling up an annual surplus of income over benefit payments (\$1.4 billion last year alone), and has built up a trust fund of \$18 billion. But by 1957, at the present rate of contributions, the fund will be paying out more than it takes in.

Thus those in favor of the hike argue that the Government will not be able to meet its obligations to the 48 million Americans now covered by social security without more income for the fund. At the present 1½% rate of contributions, the trust fund will be exhausted by 1967, but at 2% it would last until some time after 1975. And

if later scheduled increases (to 2½% in 1960, 3% in 1965, and 3½% in 1970) go through, the trust fund will exceed \$65 billion by century's end.

Another pressing reason for raising social-security contributions is that the Administration wants to expand benefits and extend old-age and survivors' insurance to 10.5 million Americans not now covered. The inclusion of 6,500,000 would be mandatory under the Administration plan, including 3,000,000 self-employed farmers, about the same number of farm and domestic workers, and 500,000 professional workers, such as doctors, dentists and lawyers. Clergymen and state and local government employees could join if they chose. The Administration is also considering: 1) an increase in benefits, perhaps by \$5 or \$10 a month, to those now receiving them, and 2) a flat \$30 a month to 5,000,000 retired oldsters who have never contributed to social security, and thus get no benefits now. To meet these big new expenses, the Administration will probably ask to broaden the social-security tax base from the first \$3,600 of earnings to as much as \$4,800.

There is also a strong move, sparked by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, to put social security on a pay-as-you-go basis. This idea got support from the President last May in a message to Congress. The Chamber of Commerce argues that there is no need to build up a large social-security trust fund. Instead, it wants a revolving fund large enough to safely handle current payments. Under pay-as-you-go, the rate of contributions by workers and employers would be periodically adjusted to bring in what the Government has to pay out in benefits. Labor unions oppose pay-as-you-go; they believe that businessmen want it only because it would lighten their social-security taxes for years, at least until benefits exceed income. Eventually, under pay-as-you-go, the contributions tax by both employer and employee might go to 4% or more to cover benefits.

But pay-as-you-go would spotlight the actual cost of social security and would stop the Government from using social-security taxes to pay other Government bills. It would also lessen the danger that the social-security program, under political pressure, might degenerate into an overliberal program of Ham & Egg handouts from a big trust fund already piled up. The big virtue of pay-as-you-go is that if any pressure group tried to change social-security benefits to its advantage, the added tax would show at once.

agree that mass production will not come on the market until 1956 or later. RCA predicts that it will take at least six months to tool up for its first sets; Admiral, Motorola and Philco will make only a handful in 1954, hardly enough to supply demonstration sets for the thousands of U.S. TV dealers.

One big factor is cost. The sets will cost between \$700 and \$1,000 for a 12-in. screen in a console cabinet half again as large as current black & white sets. The color receiver alone will have almost three times as many parts as regular tubes, and the tube itself will cost \$200 for a 12-in. screen, v. \$24.75 for current 21-in. black & white tubes.

The Unknown Factor. Mass production will take some of the curse off color TV's high price, but just how much no one knows. While Emerson Radio President Benjamin Abrams confidently expects that color sets will drop to within 25% of black & white in 18 months, Magnavox President Frank Freimann thinks the price will never be comparable.

For the booming TV industry, color is a great gamble, since no one knows how it will go over. Most experts see color as an addition to black & white TV, hope that both can survive side by side. But TV itself fooled everybody. The industry expected only a limited, upper-income market; instead, the biggest buyers were low-income families, who found a whole new field of cheap home entertainment.

The experts may be wrong again. In the last six months, the mere promise of color TV has upset the black & white TV market. If buyers snap up the first sets and continue to clamor for color, then manufacturers will not be able to go slow. Like it or not, TV makers will have to concentrate on color and hope that the fast changeover does not demoralize the industry.

BUSINESS ABROAD

The Buddha Cure

In Hong Kong last week, a local movie star endorsed a popular patent medicine with the ultimate tribute: "It cures you like Buddha." Hong Kong itself, for more than 100 years the warehouse of the Far East, was also taking a cure. Amid cries of street hawkers and the deafening uproar from a string of 100,000 firecrackers to drive off evil spirits, Hong Kong's Governor Sir Alexander Grantham stepped up to a huge, towered gate decorated with neon lights, elaborate flowers and the Union Jack. Snipping a ribbon, he opened a powerful testimonial to the cure's success: the colony's eleventh annual exhibition of local manufactures. Hong Kong expected trade delegations from all over the world to attend.

Back-Alley Boom. The profusion of low-priced local goods displayed in the multicolored stalls was the most hopeful answer yet to Hong Kong's evil spirit—Red China, which is only a few miles away. The United Nations' embargo on trade with China has piled up goods in Hong Kong traders' godowns for want of



There'll be a new jet in the sky

America's first jet transport, now being constructed in a Boeing plant near Seattle, is currently "on schedule." According to present plans it will take to the air by early fall, 1954.

This airplane is a prototype — an experimental model of wholly new design. Boeing is building it to demonstrate to the military and to commercial operators the potentials of a high-speed, jet-powered transport of ample range and capacity.

A jet tanker version of Boeing's new aircraft would complement strategic air power's swift jet bombers. It could fly

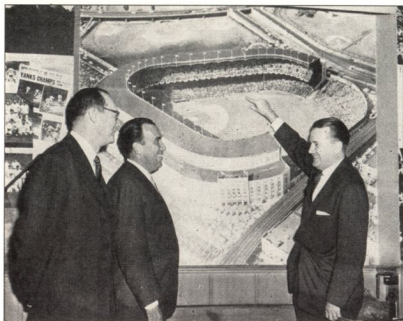
with them on long-range missions and refuel them in flight — at their own choice of altitude and speed. Commercial airlines are increasingly interested in a jet aircraft that offers great speed, and performance which will permit profitable operation.

By investing its own funds in the development of a jet transport, Boeing is providing an advantage that will be shared by future purchasers. Design and construction of this prototype now will make possible the building of production airplanes at an earlier date. It will also afford an early opportunity to prove out

engineering, production and operational details. This prototype has behind it the thousands of hours of research and flight experience Boeing has gained with the B-47 Stratojet and the eight-jet B-52 Stratofortress.

This background of experience with large, multi-jet aircraft is unmatched anywhere in the world, and is a vital part of Boeing's 37-year history of pioneering successful new types of airplanes. You can depend upon the integrity of Boeing research, design and engineering to make the coming prototype an aircraft that will contribute greatly to the new jet age of flight.

BOEING



STADIUM OWNERS WEBB & TOPPING WITH BUYER JOHNSON
Foster than Tinker to Evers to Chance.

Associated Press

customers. Exports since 1951 have fallen from 4.4 billion Hong Kong dollars (\$5.85 to the U.S. dollar) to 2.7 billion, well under the colony's 3.9 billion in imports, chiefly food. Thus the biggest hope for Hong Kong's survival has been to develop its own exports.

Chinese businessmen, who have streamed into Hong Kong by the thousands, bringing only their skills, have developed exports in amazing fashion. Three years ago, less than 15% of Hong Kong's exports were locally made; today more than 25% are. Moreover, local industry is mushrooming so fast that government economists expect that it will rise to 50% within a few years, and that Hong Kong will compete with Japan as the industrial center of the Far East.

Already there are 2,208 factories employing more than 20 men each, and another 100,000 workers are estimated to be employed in thousands of tiny factories in incredibly cramped lofts and lean-tos in back alleys. Since 1948 alone, 13 cotton-spinning mills with 209,000 spindles have been established, and 43,000 more spindles will be added this winter. Other factories, which pay workers as little as 50¢ a day, make everything from floridly painted aluminum spittoons for African natives to ivory chessmen and bamboo furniture for American tourists. More than 400 companies with \$0 million Hong Kong dollars capital are still waiting for sites within the small (391 sq. mi.) colony, and the government is working on a plan to create a new industrial zone to meet the demand.

Sudden Riches. Some Hong Kong Chinese manufacturers have piled up quick riches. Typical is the rise of Haking Industries, Ltd., a plastic toothbrush producer launched in 1949 by a group of

Chinese. Started in a single slum tenement room with two machines, today it has a new plant producing 200,000 toothbrushes a day, grosses 6,000,000 Hong Kong dollars annually, and claims to supply 95% of all toothbrushes sold in Indonesia. Its prices (17¢ for a box of eight toothbrushes) astound American and South American buyers.

Without Hong Kong's cheap labor and the ingenuity of its Chinese businessmen, the U.N. embargo on trade with Red China would have led to mass unemployment in the colony, and in turn to strong pro-Communist sentiment. With the new prosperity of home-grown industry, Communist agitators are conspicuously out of favor with Hong Kong Chinese.

REAL ESTATE

Double Play

In their day, the Chicago Cubs trio of Tinker, Evers & Chance pulled the most famous double-plays in baseball. But last week the New York Yankees closed a real-estate deal that was even harder to follow. Yankee Owners Dan Topping and Del Webb sold Yankee Stadium (but not the ball club) for \$3,600,000 in cash, and took back a \$2,400,000 mortgage and a long-term lease. The buyer: a syndicate headed by Chicago Investor Arnold Johnson, 46, vice chairman of Automatic Canteen Co. of America (of which Topping is also a director) and director of the Chicago Black Hawks hockey team.

It was a shrewd bit of trading. Topping and Webb, in partnership with Yankee President Larry MacPhail, had bought the Yankees team, stadium and four farm clubs for \$2,800,000 from the estate of Colonel Jacob Ruppert eight years ago. Later they bought out MacPhail's one-

third share for \$2,000,000. After last week's deal with Johnson, Topping and Webb still owned the Yankees, had got back nearly twice their entire investment, and were in a position to write off rent on the stadium against taxes.

As soon as the deal was closed, Johnson tossed the ball to another player: the Knights of Columbus, who had been looking for a good place to invest idle insurance funds. For \$2,500,000, the K. of C. bought the land under Yankee Stadium from Johnson, leased it back to him again for 28 years at \$182,000 rent a year, with renewal options running for 70 years. Since the land is not to be used for charitable purposes, taxes will be paid as usual. If Johnson does not buy back the land for \$3,000,000 before the lease expires, the Knights will get full title. It was also a smart deal for Johnson: with a cash outlay of only \$1,100,000, he will control a property appraised recently at \$8,000,000.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Flying Jeep. A stubby, lightweight Jeep (almost 3 ft. shorter, 1,200 lbs. lighter than standard models), designed for airlift by helicopter or plane, was shown off by Willys Motors, Inc. It has an all-aluminum body and magnesium wheels; 85% of the parts are interchangeable with regular Jeeps.

Inside Picture. Westinghouse Electric Corp. put on sale a fluoroscopic television set that can show an X-ray image 200 times brighter than any TV set ever used for the same purpose before. Thus, it can be used to study internal organs and bone joints in action as patients walk about. Price: \$34,000.

Engine Cleaner. Shell Oil Co. brought out a new motor oil, which, it claims, will dissolve the deposits formed in engines when antifreeze solutions leak into the oil and make valves stick. Price: 75¢ a qt.

Octane Reader. Central Scientific Co., Chicago, is demonstrating a new instrument that uses a radioactive isotope to give an octane rating of a fuel within five minutes, a procedure that formerly took four hours. The device can be used as a control instrument in petroleum refining. Price: \$7,800.

Tap Door. A refrigerator with a built-in spigot in the door was introduced by Motor Products Corp.'s Deep Freeze division and Crosley. The tap connects itself with a large dispenser that holds water, fruit juice or other beverage.

Lightweight Welder. A portable electric welder that can deliver up to 200 amperes of current is being produced by Dielectric Laboratories, Inc. of Los Angeles. Designed for maintenance work and repairs by farmers, plumbers, small garages, etc., the welder weighs only 59 lbs. v. 200 or more lbs. for other welders with the same power output. Price: \$189.50.

Hopper Helper. A new freight car for bulk shipments of dry powdered commodities (feed, chemicals), which formerly had to be transported in contain-



Now in FORD *ECONOMY* TRUCKS... your choice of B-W Overdrive...or Fordomatic Drive



Special versions of these two famous transmissions are now made available in light trucks, through the combined skills of Borg-Warner and the Ford Motor Company

Creating new ease, economy and efficiency in motor vehicles has been the constant aim of Borg-Warner and Ford throughout 50 years of working together. Today, this aim brings users of 1/2-ton trucks the unique advantages of two famed transmissions—B-W Overdrive and Fordomatic Drive.

B-W Overdrive, acting *automatically*, delivers desired cruising speeds with 30% fewer engine revolutions. That saves gas, cuts hauling costs. There's less wear on the engine. Driving is quiet, restful.

Fordomatic Drive gives *fully automatic* operation—ends all clutching and shifting. It unerringly selects the right drive ratio to fit any load or road...brings new smoothness and comfort *economically*.

These two transmissions are typical of B-W's service to the entire auto industry. In motorcars today, 19 out of the 20 makes contain B-W parts such as transmissions, clutches, universal joints, propeller shafts, radiators, and timing chains. Each evidences B-W's standard: "design it better—make it better."



Work horse power—pleasure car comfort! Fordomatic Drive for 1/2-ton trucks does away with 90% of the work of driving. No clutch, no shift! Mud, snow, full loads—Fordomatic makes the most of your power for fast, economical hauling.

New fuel economy! Longer engine life! B-W Overdrive acts like an automatic "4th speed" that lets fewer engine revolutions do the job once your truck is rolling. That means gas savings, less vibration, new ease for the engine—and you.

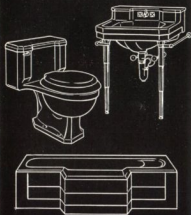


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TURKEY

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ers, was put into production by General American Transportation Corp. The car contains bins with slanted sides lined with a porous, silicon-treated fabric. To unload the car, air is blown at low pressure under the fabric, breaking up hard-packed cargo so that it flows like water through hatches under the car.

Pocket Radio. RCA demonstrated a tiny (2 in. by 4 in.) radio receiver, in which transistors do the work of vacuum tubes and a pencil flashlight battery supplies the power. Sound volume is great enough to be heard in a good-sized room.

SELLING

Pillsbury's Best

In the ballroom of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, Pillsbury Mills last week gathered 100 cooking champions to compete for more than \$125,000 in prizes in its Grand National Bake-Off. Each was allowed a day to whip up a favorite recipe. The winner of the \$25,000 first prize: Mrs. Bernard Kanago, wife of a Webster (S. Dak.) paperhanger. Her prize-winning concoction: My Inspiration Cake.® Mrs. Kanago, whose hobby is cooking, said that "the recipe just came out of nowhere."

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Dwight P. Robinson Jr., 53, moved up to chairman of the board of trustees of Massachusetts Investors Trust, oldest and biggest open-end investment trust. Robinson set up the trust's research department, became a trustee in 1937, vice chairman of the board in 1950. He replaces Harvardman ('07) Merrill Griswold, who retired to the newly created part-time job of chairman of the advisory board. While Griswold was chairman, the investment trust idea grew so fast that M.I.T.'s assets swelled from \$13.6 million to more than \$500 million.

¶ Frank Abrams, 64, who worked his way up from a \$75-a-month job as a



Associated Press

PRIZEWINNER KANAGO
For an inspiration, \$25,000.

draftsman for the Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) to the \$50,000-a-year board chairmanship, announced his retirement. To avoid being "just another guy on the street," Abrams laid plans to keep busy by: 1) taking an assignment with the new Hoover Commission to streamline federal civil service, 2) helping to raise funds for colleges (he founded the Council for Financial Aid to Education).

¶ Earl D. Johnson, 48, holdover Under Secretary of the Army, will retire to become head of the Air Transport Association of America, industry association of the scheduled airlines.

¶ Paul J. Raver, longtime (14 years) boss of the Bonneville Power Administration, retired to become superintendent of Seattle City Light, municipally owned utility. Most likely bet to succeed him at Bonneville: William A. Pearl, professor of mechanical engineering at State College of Washington.



James F. Coyne

FINANCIERS ROBINSON & GRISWOLD
From an idea, \$500 million.

¶ Recipe: 1 cup finely chopped nuts; 2 ounces sweet or semi-sweet chocolate; 2½ cups sifted flour; 4½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder; 1 teaspoon each of salt and vanilla; 1½ cups sugar; ½ cup shortening; 1½ cups milk; ½ cup unbeaten egg whites. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add shortening, milk and vanilla; beat 1½ minutes, 150 strokes per minute, until well-blended. Add egg whites; beat 1½ minutes. Spoon ¾ of batter over nuts spaced evenly over well-greased, lightly floured 9-in. round layer pans. Sprinkle with grated chocolate. Carefully spread remaining batter on top. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Cool in pan 10 to 15 minutes; turn out cake and cool thoroughly. Chocolate frosting: combine 2 squares baking chocolate, ½ cup granulated sugar and ¾ cup of water in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth. Remove from heat, add 4 egg yolks and beat thoroughly. Cool. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine with 1 teaspoon vanilla. Blend in gradually 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, creaming well. Remove ½ cup of mixture to decorate cake, nut side up. To the rest add cool chocolate mixture; beat until smooth. Decorate with sparse white frosting.

CINEMA

CHOICE FOR 1953

Lili (M-G-M). An elfin little musical that never quite gets lost in its own whimsy; with Leslie Caron, Jean Pierre Aumont, Mel Ferrer (TIME, March 9).

Call Me Madam (20th Century-Fox). Ethel Merman's wonderful brassy voice and personality sparkplug the film version of her Broadway musical hit (TIME, March 23).

Shane (Paramount). A horse opera put in finest fettle by Director George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Fanfan the Tulip (Columbia). A French folk tale dressed up as hard-swaggering farce; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

From Here to Eternity (Columbia). James Jones's novel about the peacetime Army, sweated down to a fine, muscular picture; with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra (TIME, Aug. 10).

The Cruel Sea (Universal-International). Dark war days in the North Atlantic, darkly remembered (TIME, Aug. 24).

Roman Holiday (Paramount). A princess has a royal time in Rome with an American reporter; with Gregory Peck and Audrey Hepburn (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Captain's Paradise (Lopert). Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who has a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

The Living Desert (Disney). Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw; seldom mild, often cruelly beautiful (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Conquest of Everest (United Artists). The heart-shaking camera record of the 1953 expedition to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

The Year in Films

It all depends on where you sit. To moviegoers, 1953 was almost a banner year, in a half-mast sort of way; considering that there were not so many pictures, there was a surprising number of good ones. To moviemakers sitting in Hollywood, the year was one of the most worrisome in history. The box-office collapse, caused by the ever-widening spread of TV, became calamitous in 1952. By year's end the weekly audience was cut in half, and box-office receipts were down nearly 30%. Then, early in 1953, came the 3-D craze, launched in December 1952 by Arch Oboler's inept *Beena Devil*, and seeming to prove that audiences would look at anything that could leap out and bite them. *Cinerama*, playing in only seven cities, grossed a staggering \$6,000,000. But no sooner was Hollywood retooling for 3-D than CinemaScope rocked the industry with its wide-screen, multiple-sound-track productions of *The Robe* and *How to Marry a Millionaire*.

In all the uproar of the competing systems, only one thing seemed clear: the days of mass production were over. TV had captured the bread & butter public;



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DECLARES ITS
117th Consecutive Dividend

The Trustees have declared a quarterly dividend of 27 cents a share, payable December 24, 1953 to shareholders of record at the close of business December 4, 1953. This dividend is entirely paid out of dividends and interest received by the Trust on its investments.

ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary
200 Berkeley Street, Boston



TIME



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Variety Store
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Frick "ECLIPSE" compressors have 2, 3, 4, 6 or 9 cylinders with interchangeable parts.



Refrigeration

McCrory's new store at Bond & Livingston Streets in Brooklyn, N. Y., will have over 1 1/4 miles of counters, and restaurant facilities for some 400 people at a time.

Complete air conditioning for the L-shaped building, which extends an entire block in two directions, was installed by Quinn & Feiner, Inc., of New York, who selected five Frick "ECLIPSE" compressors to carry the cooling load of 350 tons of refrigeration.

Get your copy of Bulletin 100, which tells the whole story about "ECLIPSE" refrigerating machines; they handle either Freon or ammonia, at high or low temperatures. Write . . .

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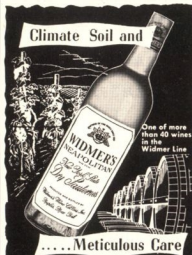


US? We Eat
in the Kitchen!

YES—members of our executive staff dine with the chef every day. This liaison is not only cordial—but idea stimulating. A guest's casual suggestion today may be on tomorrow's menu. It is another reason why our food and service, like all New Yorker facilities, combine to make this Manhattan's greatest hotel value.

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WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

Hollywood could only try to encourage a taste for steak and caviar—i.e., fewer and bigger pictures. What creative value there was born of economic necessity.

New Beauty. In 1953 Walt Disney turned his camera from paper animals to some real ones and, in a series of natural-history films culminating in *The Living Desert*, dragged new kinds of beauty out of the depths of nature. In cartoons, Disney was challenged by Stephen Bosustow and a company of imaginative young artists. *The Tell Tale Heart* and *The Unicorn in the Garden* did their subjects from Poe and Thurber proud, and set new landmarks in the animator's art.

Even in its old ruts, Hollywood showed more get-up-and-go. William Wyler's *Roman Holiday* and Dore Schary's *Dream Wife* were sure, expert comedies of a kind rarely made in the U.S. since the mid-'30s. George Stevens' *Shane* was a western evolved with loving care for the beauty of the land it was set in, and *Escape from Fort Bravo* took a fresh look at Hollywood's tired old Indian wars. Fred Zinneman's *From Here to Eternity* did far more than the usual crude job of shoveling a bestselling novel through the censorship screen. Zinneman's epic is as moving a tale of men among men as all but the finest documentaries of World War II.

Hollywood's box-office trouble in 1953 expressed itself occasionally in resentment against the halter of censorship and public prudery. *The Moon Is Blue*, a cheerful little comedy that dares to use such words as "pregnant" and "seduction," became a sort of test case. Although banned by powerful church and civic groups, the picture showed to capacity crowds.

Better & Better. While Hollywood was struggling to bring forth a new era, most European moviemakers were apparently killing time in the waiting room. Some of the best foreign pictures—Henri-George Clouzot's *Le Salaire de la Peur* and Vittorio de Sica's *Umberto D.*—were not shown in the U.S., because exhibitors thought they would not make enough money. Even so, the continental-import trade was a little shoddy. The British did somewhat better. They produced a top-notch musical (*The Beggar's Opera*), a funny farce (*The Captain's Paradise*), a first-rate war picture (*The Cruel Sea*), and *The Conquest of Everest*, probably the year's most memorable movie.

Everest, in fact, was the only picture produced in 1953 that could in any sense be called great. Moviemakers were too busy adjusting to a new era to make many good films. The significance of the past year in pictures lies not in the pleasure given to audiences but in the lesson taught to the industry's bosses and creators: the only answer to better and better television is better and better movies.

The New Pictures

Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef (20th Century-Fox) can possibly be explained as an attempt to present the *Iliad* in modern dress—dungarees, that is. The Greeks of the epic are the sponge fishermen of Tarpon Springs, Fla. The Trojans are the



ROBERT WAGNER & TERRY MOORE
Too bad.

"Conchs," their Anglo-Saxon counterparts in Key West. After newsreeling through a sponge auction and a Greek Orthodox Epiphany, including the inevitable shot of Greek youths diving for a gold cross, the picture at last shows a little fight.

The Greeks sponge on the Conch sponging grounds. The Conchs steal the Greeks' catch. The Paris of the piece (Robert Wagner) then runs away with his Helen (Terry Moore), the daughter of the Big Conch himself. Together they go out to the diver-dreaded twelve-mile reef. The underwater photography here is pleasant, but hardly striking. However, the clima-



RITA HAYWORTH
Too good.

tic fight with an octopus is staged well enough, and everything comes epically to an end with a line not even Homer could have written. Says Paris, by way of offering peace to Helen's father: "Don't be mad, Pop!"

The odd thing about all this folderol is that it may prove very popular. The huge CinemaScope screen floods the moviegoer with so much wonderful Florida sunshine that he is apt to sit back, happy as a grapefruit, and soak it up—ignoring the silly background babble of all those Hollywood tourists.

Miss Sadie Thompson [Columbia] is at least the third major screen version of the Somerset Maugham story about a missionary and a prostitute on a South Sea island. This one offers Rita Hayworth in the tart part made famous on the stage by Jeanne Eagels (*Rain*, 1922), and on the screen by Gloria Swanson (1928) and Joan Crawford (1932). Actress Hayworth adds no new luster to the old story.

To begin with, the studio made her job almost impossible by using a script that seems to have been prepared not by a writer but by a team of sanitation experts. Sadie is no longer a bad woman; she is just a hard-working girl who is wandering around the islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean looking for—what else?—a nightclub engagement. The U.S. marine, who in earlier productions made a somewhat simpler proposition, makes here an earnestly unconvincing proposal of marriage.

Rita tries hard, notably in the big scorch song, during which she wags the kind of pelvic semaphore that does not require a code expert to translate. But in the scenes of her conversion by the missionary (José Ferrer), she just looks confused—a condition that may be partly Actor Ferrer's fault. In his usual screen style, he tries so hard to give the impression that he is not acting that he doesn't.

Facing the Music

Here Come the Girls (Paramount) casts Bob Hope as "the world's oldest living chorus boy." He thinks when he is asked to stand in for the leading man (Tony Martin) that at last he is flying high. Actually, he is just a sitting duck for "The Slasher," a fine comic heavy (Robert Strauss) who gnaws at his lines as if they were ripe black betel nuts. The whole thing is unfortunate for Singer Rosemary Clooney, who is still new to pictures. Almost every time she opens her mouth to sing, Hope shoves a gag in it.

Walking My Baby Back Home (Universal) is a musical with its brains in its feet. The feet, young Donald O'Connor's, are clever enough to weave their way through any reasonably foolish script. But in this picture, Dancer O'Connor is tangled in at least a half-mile of celluloid that should have been left on the cutting-room floor. The love interest: Janet Leigh, in a sweater. The whole thing ends with a sort of death rattle: a concert of "symphonic Dixieland" that seems better calculated to finish jazz than to revive it.

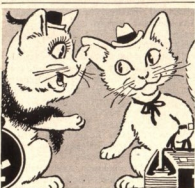
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BOOKS

Kindly Beasts

In 1908 the house of Scribner got from Kenneth Grahame, secretary of the Bank of England, a manuscript entitled *Mr. Toad*. Publisher Charles Scribner II was doubtful of its success. Author Grahame's previous juveniles (*The Golden Age*, *Dream Days*) had been about children, whereas *Mr. Toad* was about animals, with nary a child from start to finish.

But Publisher Scribner was unduly worried. Retitled *The Wind in the Willows*, the Book of Toad has proved one of the sturdiest juvenile successes ever known. In Britain alone it has sold 1,338,000 copies; in the U.S. it has never been out of print. Year in year out, it keeps its appeal in literature's most competitive, most unpredictable market. For children, as an editor of juveniles noted recently, "are the most difficult of all readers to write for . . . The editor's real job is to help the writer bridge the chasm between the child's world and his own."

Astonishing Adults. The bookstores last week were full of fresh attempts to bridge the chasm. U.S. publishers were offering close to 1,400 titles classified by age groups from two to 17. In content, they ranged from "exploring the farmyard becomes dangerous when Smudge and Pudge meet the bees" to matters of an interplanetary nature ("carefully checked by experts"). Most of the authors ignored the settled conviction of that old constructional genius, Kenneth Grahame, that the best way to bridge the classic chasm is to grasp what the adult world looks like from the child's side.

Children, said Grahame, consider the adult world utterly whimsical, lacking in logic and common sense. It is populated and governed by a "strange, anemic order of beings" whose "movements [are] confined and slow," whose habits are "stereotyped and senseless." With "absolute license to indulge in the pleasures of life," e.g., to climb trees or dabble in ponds, they prefer to sit indoors.

The child's conclusion, said Grahame, is that adults are incapable of reason, and that, on the whole, it is not a bad thing that they should leave the "real" world to children. Closer by far to the child than the world of adults, Grahame believed, is the world of "kindly beasts."

Mr. Toad's Mockery. In *The Wind in the Willows* (newly reissued by Scribner, with illustrations by Ernest Shepard; \$2.50), Grahame deals with sensible animals whose aim is to enjoy life to the full. Mr. Rat, who lives in a well-furnished hole in the riverbank, is just like any middle-class bachelor with a riverside bungalow—except that he is sensible enough to spend his days boating instead of in an office. And his friend Mole is the same kind of fellow.

The Wind in the Willows is built around these two eminently reasonable animals, who, like human beings before the Fall, manage to be good-tempered and highly



Mr. Toad
The despair of adults.

civilized without ever missing a chance to enjoy themselves. But into their lives Grahame has also managed to introduce two other passionate elements of a human child's feelings—love of security and love of adventure. Few writers have surpassed him in evoking the warmth and satisfaction of the fireside, the joy of leaving the "Wild Wood" behind and meeting "the beaten track" which says, "Yes . . . this leads home!" But similarly, few have understood better the child's companion urge to leave home behind. There is no greater home-lover than Rat, yet it is he who cries: "Seawards first and then on shipboard, and so to the shores that are calling me!"

This, argued Kenneth Grahame, is the



© Frederick Muller
AUTHOR GRAHAME
The joy of the young.

child's view of what the world should be. And yet, it would be an incomplete world without Mr. Toad—a fantastic, disgraceful, lovable creature who knows no code but Toad's and makes a mockery of all rigid theories, laws and conceptions of the universe. Wealthy and extravagant as only a dreaming child can be, Toad is the despair of his sober old friends, and the joy of his exhilarated young readers. Home, to "Toady," means nothing but a vast, palatial mansion, a place to brag about. The broad highway and "the beaten track" stir only one mad emotion in him: the desire to get behind the wheel of an expensive car and drown in a deluge of speed "all sense of right and wrong, all fear of obvious consequences."

Artist Shepard depicts Toad dressed to kill, in gaiters, goggles and motoring coat; he also shows him stripped of his glory, flung into jail, disguised ridiculously as an old washerwoman. But Toad, like his predecessors Punch and Falstaff, is indestructible, because he stands for everything in life that is at once disgraceful, delightful and human. That is an extra reason why *The Wind in the Willows* is as satisfying a book for adults to read to children this week as anything else on the bookshelves.

Ghosts in Field-Grey

THE NEMESIS OF POWER: THE GERMAN ARMY IN POLITICS, 1918-1945 (829 pp.)—John W. Wheeler-Bennett—St. Martin's (\$12).

Under ten Linden was alive with demonstrators. Snatches of the *Internationale* seeped into the Wilhelmstrasse chancellery, where Socialist Friedrich Ebert, shaky head of a shaky government, sat wondering if he was another Kerensky doomed to fall before his country's Communists. It was Nov. 9, 1918. Shipwrecked in the field, rulerless at home, Germany was drifting into anarchy.

One of Ebert's telephones rang—the private line from the headquarters of the beaten German army at Spa, 360 miles away. With vast relief, Chancellor Ebert heard the voice of Hindenburg's First Quartermaster-General Wilhelm Gröner offering an alliance with the Socialists on behalf of the German officer corps.

"The high command," said the crisp voice from Spa, stating the terms, "expects the government to cooperate with the officer corps in the suppression of Bolshevism and in the maintenance of discipline." Ebert accepted, and out of this uneasy marriage of convenience between frightened Socialists and nervous Junkers was born that spindly political problem child, the Weimar Republic.

True to the pact in its own fashion, the army soon settled the immediate Communist threat by marching shock troops into Berlin. When Adolf Hitler and his beer-hall fanatics flared up in their 1923 *Putsch*, the army ground it out in the Munich gutters. Later the officer corps began to think it could use Hitler to fashion a Reich more to its liking. But once the ex-corporal got to twirling the



Lila Sinz

GENERAL VON SEECKT

The ex-corporal got the hourglass.

hourglass of history, the sands of power ran out fast for the corps. The day was to come when German generals would be framed, tortured and hung from meat-hooks, and their fellow officers could not lift a hand except to hail Hitler.

Sphinx with a Monocle. The saga of the German army in politics from 1918 to 1945 is the story Oxford Historian John W. Wheeler-Bennett tells in *The Nemesis of Power*. When it was published in London last month, British critics braved. Proclaimed the *Observer*: "The most important book on Germany published since the war." Said the *Sunday Times*: "In all the literature about the Weimar Republic and the Nazis, there has been nothing like it." Grand in scope, minute in docu-



Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER

The mastiff got the meathook.

mentation (829 pages), *Nemesis of Power* may not get the U.S. readers it deserves, but it will hold those it gets in a vise of armchair fascination. It is rich in characters and scenes that a novelist might envy and an actor yearn to play. And as the field-grey shadows of the *Reichswehr's* erstwhile leaders goose-step across the pages of *Nemesis of Power*, they may well be passing in review on the parade ground of posterity's judgment.

Among the first to strut by is the brilliant, bemonocled chief who led the army through the early post-World War I years. Steel blue of eye, trap-tight of lip, Hans von Seeckt was called "the Sphinx." The Sphinx's two rules for the *Reichswehr* as a political power: it must be 1) "above party," and 2) "a state within a state." In the early '20s, Seeckt kept the telephone part with the Socialists, at the same time busied himself with building up the cadres of a new German army and a new armament industry—both in violation of the Versailles peace treaty.

The Plot That Failed. Out of favor with President Hindenburg, Hans von Seeckt finally gave way, in 1926, to another general, sly Kurt von Schleicher. Under Schleicher, the army was not above, but in, politics. Vain, unscrupulous, he schemed incessantly behind the republic's back. Worst of all, he let Hitler's private army of brown shirts grow to a scrappy, unmanageable mob.

When Hitler took power, the officer corps became "accessories before the fact," in Wheeler-Bennett's phrase, for policies it approved and methods it detested. The generals that Hitler detested—and he liked few—were smeared on trumped-up charges and booted out of power. Yes men got their jobs.

Giving the German generals their due, Wheeler-Bennett makes plain that they did not want World War II, rightly fearing the double ruin of Germany and their caste. Ironically, Hitler ranted at them as pacifists as late as 1941 on the Eastern Front: "Before I became Chancellor, I thought the general staff was like a mastiff which had to be held tight by the collar . . . Since then . . . it has consistently tried to impede every action that I have thought necessary . . . It is I who have always had to goad on this mastiff."

As long as victory smiled on Hitler's "intuitions," the mastiff barely lifted a paw against him. When a bomb was finally exploded in the Führer's presence in July 1944, he was stunned and his famed forelock was set alight, but he lived to revel in the torture deaths of many of the men who made the plot. So dear to Hitler's baleful eye was the sight of a German general slowly strangling on a slim cord at the end of a meathook that he had a film of the hangings run off for his benefit.

Historian Wheeler-Bennett ends his book in a race with the headlines. As a realist, he approves the rearmament of Western Germany; as a realist, he also has qualms about the lessons of the past. Historian Bennett's hope, and the hope of the rest of the free world, is that Germans also can learn the lessons of the past.

British O. Henry

SOMEONE LIKE YOU (359 pp.)—Roald Dahl—Knopf (\$3.50).

Mary Maloney was a tender, loving wife, but when her policeman husband tried to leave her, she crushed his skull with the nearest thing at hand: a leg of lamb fresh from the freezer. Without quite knowing it, Mary had committed a perfect crime. Before the commiserating police have finished their investigation at the Widow Maloney's house, the murder weapon has been cooked and eaten.

Mary's little leg of lamb is an unusual weapon, but no more unusual than Roald Dahl's plots. *Someone Like You* is a collection of 18 of the 37-year-old Briton's quietly savage tales. They are, often macabre and always bizarre, involving chicanery, murder, dismemberment or some more commonplace drawing-room horror.

In *Taste*, an unprincipled gourmet bets



Elliott Erwitt—Magnum

AUTHOR DAHL

Mary had a little leg of lamb.

heavily on the perceptiveness of his nose and palate, puts on a superb demonstration of winetasting, but outsmarts himself. In *Skin*, a down-and-outer discovers that the portrait tattooed on his back is signed by a famous painter and is worth a fortune, so he places himself in the hands of a grafter who offers him a life of ease, only to lose the very skin off his back. In *Mr. Feasey*, two earnest cheats bet all their money on the ringer they enter in a greyhound race, but the 17 bookies who take their bets prove to be just as imaginative and crooked as they are.


Author Dahl is an adroit craftsman who knows how to make the unlikely seem probable. He builds long bridges of suspense, then skillfully carries his stories across to his predetermined points. It is not surprising, in view of his qualities, that he has been overpraised. Long on plot, short on character, his stories

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extract their effectiveness from anecdotal gimmicks and surprise endings. One test of a fine story is its rereadability, and this, naturally, is a test that few of these modern O. Henry tales can meet.

RECENT & READABLE

Triumph and Tragedy, by Winston Churchill. Sixth and last volume of the best of World War II accounts (TIME, Nov. 30).

The Journals of Lewis and Clark. The engrossing story of the first exploration of the Louisiana Purchase, skillfully culled by Bernard DeVoto from the original seven volumes (TIME, Nov. 23).

Mary Tudor, by H. F. M. Prescott. A penetrating biography of the woman known to history as "Bloody Mary"; a revised edition of Author Prescott's 1940 *Spanish Tudor* (TIME, Nov. 23).

Except the Lord, by Joyce Cary. How poverty and a sense of predestination sent a young Englishman out into the world with a fire in his heels (TIME, Nov. 16).

Russian Assignment, by Leslie C. Stevens. An enlightening account of two

years in Russia, by a U.S. naval attaché who found the Russian people friendly (TIME, Nov. 16).

Splendid Poser, by M. M. Marberry. How Joaquin Miller, the "Byron of the Rockies," persuaded his generation that he was a poet (TIME, Nov. 2).

The Traitor and the Spy, by James Thomas Flexner. How Benedict Arnold wove treason and Major John André was caught in the web; an impressive double history, told with scholarship and edge (TIME, Oct. 19).

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud, Volume I, by Ernest Jones. Young Dr. Freud, fascinatingly analyzed by his leading British disciple (TIME, Oct. 19).

The Doctor and the Devils, by Dylan Thomas. An outstanding film script inspired by the notorious case of the 19th century Edinburgh body snatchers, Burke and Hare (TIME, Oct. 5).

The Renaissance, by Will Durant. Volume V of the ambitious popular survey of Western civilization which has engaged Historian Durant for nearly 25 years (TIME, Sept. 28).

MISCELLANY

A calendar of the triumphs, defeats and confections of the human spirit during 1953:

JANUARY—Checkup. In Toledo, Ohio, shortly after ten men broke out of the Lucas County jail, a man phoned and asked: "Sheriff, has they caught any of us boys yet?"

FEBRUARY—Property Right. In Lewes, England, dismissing assault charges against Norman Hyde, who had slugged a fellow pub patron for trying to down his beer, a judge ruled that "drinking another man's beer is the unforgivable sin."

MARCH—Première. In Lowell, Mass., Lightweight Neil King, making his boxing debut, hopped nimbly into the ring, tossed off his robe, discovered he had forgotten his trunks.

APRIL—Bon Voyage. In St. Peter, Minn., the weekly *Herald* ran a classified ad: "WANTED: Must be prepared to travel unexpectably."

MAY—Welcome Home. In Brisbane, Australia, a court ruled that William Marsden was justified in thrashing his nine-year-old son Ian Charles with a stick after the boy announced his father's return from work by shouting: "Here comes Old Baldy!"

JUNE—Sinner in Our Midst. In Fort Worth, while the Rev. Arizona Brisco, assistant pastor of the Rising Star Baptist Church, was waist-deep in the crowded baptismal pool, a thief made off with his trousers, wallet, \$81.

JULY—Die Lorelei. In Middletown, Conn., asked why he took a plunge into the Connecticut River, William Hartman told police: "Mermaids called me. Gosh, they were beautiful."

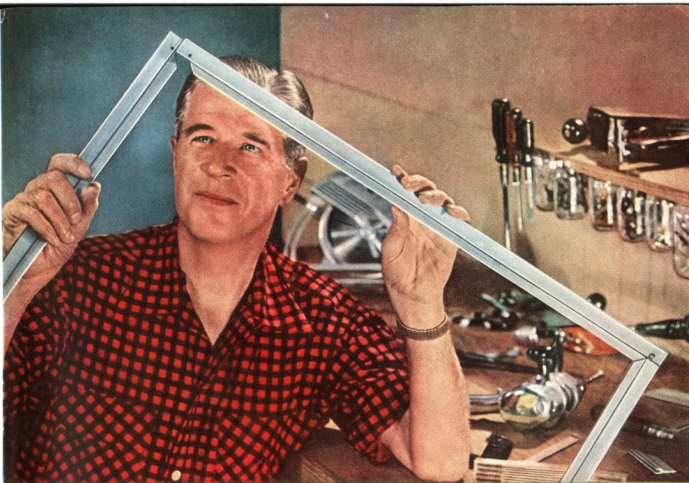
AUGUST—Voice of Experience. In New Bern, N.C., applying for a marriage license, Alec Ogburn gave his age—111—and that of his bride-to-be—22—and told the wide-eyed clerk: "Don't laugh at me, lady . . . If I don't get along with her, I reckon I can get rid of her."

SEPTEMBER—Never Give Up. In Denver, suing a dance studio for \$2,610, Mrs. Murrell Selby Collins, 52, charged breach of contract, testified that after 260 lessons an instructor had called her "a silly old fool who would never learn to dance."

OCTOBER—Defense Exhibit. In Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, on trial for forging a check for 10,500 pesos, Prisoner Dario Ramos listened to the prosecutor's charges, then grabbed and swallowed the check, ending the trial.

NOVEMBER—Main Event. In Port Angeles, Wash., the state liquor board ordered the M & C Tavern to remove a sign hanging on the bar: "We don't have TV here, but we have a fight every night."

DECEMBER—Dangerous When Wet. In Inglewood, Calif., suing Hartfield's department store, Patricia Muncy, 29, charged that her bathing suit had turned transparent when wet, leaving her "exposed to public gaze and ridicule," asked \$10,000 to compensate for "shock" and a \$10.53 refund for the bathing suit.



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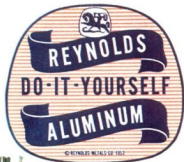
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